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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; Without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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[For The Pacific.

Christmas Time.

The blessed Christmas time returns,
The old year's course 's nigh run;
Each roof-tree's portal open yearns
And calls the wanderer home.

They come, the father, mother, "brood,"
Around home's sacred shrine,
To feast on providential good
Received from hand Divine.

There gather round the cheerful hearth,
Where glowing yule-log burns,
The old, the young; and voice of mirth
Responsive mirth returns.

Once more the old their youth renew,
Are boys and girls again;
Put on the happy, child-like hue,
Put off life's care and pain.

See little stockings by the hearth,
For "Santa Claus" to fill;
A pretty name for human hand
That "works His sovereign will."

And thus the Christ child, "Santa Claus,"
Spreads wide o'er all the land
His loving influence, through these laws,
Sent forth by His command.

God grant the sick, the poor, the vile,
A part in this great feast;
That they may feel his gracious smile,
That they with us be blest!

And when these toils and trials be o'er,
This life and all its laws;
Give us to dwell with Thee in power,
Thou Christly "Santa Claus!"

G. F. G. Morgan.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 16th, 1883.

The great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, was recently rung at a wedding for the first time, the occasion being the marriage of the Lord Mayor's daughter. It was the third wedding in the cathedral since 1758.

The Bee Line and the Scenic Route.

SILVER PALACE CARS.

At Ogden we say farewell to the Pullman car and take up our abode in the Silver Palace car. Charles Dudley Warner once made a trip to the ancient Acadie, "the garden of Novia Scotia;" he felt very much disappointed and a trifle sold until he remembered that "less is expected of a garden in Novia Scotia than in any other quartor of the world." So with the traveler accustomed to the large double windows, the elaborate heating apparatus and heavy draperies which sweep the floor of the Pullman "parlor car," when ushered into the "Silver Palace" for the first time. Surely the Central Pacific "expects less" of a palace than any other in the world; they restore the balance by expecting fifty per cent more of the traveler. It was the coldest day of our journey, and all the fire was confined to the little room partitioned off at each end of the car, and intended for the dressing-rooms. The doors to these rooms were tightly closed from time to time, as some traveler wished to make a change in his toilet, and then winter reigned undisturbed in the car. The windows were smaller than those in the ordinary day-cars, and the curtains guiltless of springs or hooks to hold them up, required almost constant attention, as did minor articles of baggage for which there is no provision to take the place of the hooks and pockets in the Pullman. But it was when the hour for retiring came that the impoverished condition of our "palate" became evident; pillows nearly large enough for toilet cushions, attenuated cushions for mattresses, scanty blankets, partitions just half-way separating the separate sections, and curtains reaching just below the lower berth. Such curtains too! one red one and one blue one to each berth, no fastenings to hold them together, and the material, rep, of so light a weight, that every opening of a door sent them flying in all directions. A few tried to undress standing behind the curtains, holding them together with one hand, and from time to time making wild plunges towards opposite directions. The temperature was such that their wisdom might be doubted for several reasons. We enjoyed one of the end sections, and often trying to fasten down our curtains several times oftener than Bruce's spider fastened his web, we desisted, buttoned up our ulster, and wrapped our heavy traveling shawl securely around head, ears and shoulders, and lay down to enjoy such a sleep as the prospects of severe colds, and possibly pneumonia, would allow.

DRESSING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Early in the morning the porter bestirred himself to fit up the dressing rooms by bringing out towels, and pinning one up at the outside door, and closing the door into the car. Here, with one small oval glass and wash-basin, half a car full of ladies and children were expected to dress in the common passage-way for conductors, brakemen and porters, and to be ready to dodge out of sight when a station or train came alongside, for none of the four windows had blind or curtain. Happy the woman whose traveling costume was so light in weight or so short in the shoulder that she could comb her hair in full costume. The one drop of comfort was this, there is nothing better for the gentlemen. On other cars, they who never dress the children, who depend upon the porter to brush their coats, and who generally indulge in a short crop, which tells no tale of the use or neglect of brush and comb, have three times the dressing space alloted to ladies. The Silver Palace treats all alike, and I heard the porter explaining to a lady that it was the model car, for the dressing-room was so large. I remembered overhearing the same porter telling the conductor the night before that "if we didn't run better cars than this into the city, we should get dreadfully blowed on," and I thought, "Politics do not take all the two-sided people in the world."

By what right does the Central Pacific run such cars and charge such rates? On roads further east the charge for a Pullman car is only $3 per day, and a car is run for the accommodation of four or five passengers. On the Central Pacific the rate is $4.50, every section is taken, and there are not more than two or three empty berths. In the former, passengers receive more than twice the attention they do in the latter; travel at nearly twice the rate of speed, pay less than half the rate of mileage on the regular ticket; yet a conductor will smilingly remark that this is pretty good for a rough, new country like this.

What has the roughness to do with the cars? They are built in the East, they are manned and occupied in great measure by Eastern people, their rates are more than enough in excess of Eastern roads to enable them to furnish the same accomodations. The truth is mankind are not, as yet, gone beyond what is required, and ever since the Central Pacific has gained control of every entrance into California, it has grown less and less obliging to the traveling public.

RENO.

Something less than twenty-four hours west of Ogden is Reno. This place has a reputation for wicked ness which time does not lessen nor distance dim. How much it deserves its hard reputation it would be unjust for one who knows nothing of it, except its hotels, to say: "It is a very beautiful town, as western towns are beautiful; it is surrounded by a fine farming country, and is the terminus of the Virginia and Truckee railroad.

The train on this road is waiting for us when the Central Pacific arrives, and presently we are whirled off to the southward through the pleasant valleys to Carson.

CARSON.

The glory of Carson is rapidly departing; time was when, as the outfitting point for the great Bodie and Belleville mining districts, its streets were filled with freight teams and stages; now it seems dull indeed. Only the Mint and the State House give it an excuse for existing. The railroad carries passengers and freight far south of this, and so we only stop for a few moments and are whirled away towards Virginia City. Full of sharp curves and always going upward, we pass through the canyon of the Carson river, past many little stations where the precious ores were milled in the days of Nevada's glory. Some of them are still in operation; all are beautiful in situation, and interesting to the stranger. At the Mound House we change cars for the southward, and take the

CARSON AND COLORADO.

This is a narrow-gauge road, built to connect the Central and Southern Pacific roads, and to open up the extensive mining country on the eastern side of the Sierras. The Northern terminus is at the Mound House, about eight miles from Virginia City. The southern end has reached as far as Owens Lake, just south of Mount Whitney. For a little ways we occasionally come upon a little pleasant country, and at Hawthorne strike Walker Lake.

WALKER LAKE.

Walker Lake is the basin into which Walker river flows, and is by far the most beautiful, as it is the largest, sheet of water in this region. Less romantic in situation than either Owens or Mono Lakes, it is much larger, and its beautiful clear water abounds in large salmon trout, which the Indians catch and peddle along the line of the railroad. There is a large Indian reservation on this lake for the Piute tribe, and as the railroad carries them and their game free, they do quite well with their fish.

"A RARE ENJOYMENT."

Riding is the Indian's highest pleasure, so whenever you leave the car for a moment's exercise, you are sure to see the platform cars covered by a group of Indians wrapped in blankets, talking or dozing away their time. Perhaps you stumble over one stretched on the platform of the car itself. These Indians are going nowhere in particular, they will probably ride to the end of the track, then back and possibly some whereelse. Occasionally they stop to visit some other member of their tribe for a day or two, but their main object is the pleasure of the ride.

HAWTHORNE.

But in pursuit of our friend, the Indian, we have forgotten Hawthorne, the point of stage connection with Bodie, the new county-seat of Esmeralda county, and altogether the liveliest place along the line. It has a great deal of dust, no grass, and very small trees; but dust is nothing, and while there are fine buildings and an air of business, we must admire. It would be hard work to find a more uninteresting country than we pass through from here to Belleville. The only bright spots are Waubuska, where we dine, and Soda Springs where we sup. We get good meals in both places, although the flavor or rather the want of flavor informs the iniated that we have returned to the land of Chinese cooks.

Belleville is like all other mining towns, rough and unfinished; from here a branch road proceeds to Candelaria, and the main line goes on over the summit of the Inyo mountains to Benton and Owens Valley. On the summit is some really beautiful scenery, but beyond that it is hard to say, for trains in both directions pass through Benton and the northern part of the valley in the dark.

The single passenger coach, not crowded at the start, has become more roomy as we proceed. At Benton we say good bye to our last fellow traveler, and for an hour and a half are in solitary grandeur, until the train arrives at Bishop station, and we leave it and enter the stage for a jolting ride of five miles to the village of Bishop Creek. This is a necessity, for the road was built for the mines that are to be instead of the farming conntry that is, so it runs through a desert, and the inhabitants of the flourishing little villages of the western side of the valley are at some distance from the railway. It was nearly four o'clock when we reached the dusty little village, and were at home again after five months' sojourn abroad. Bitter Sweet.

[For The Pacific.]

A Commercial Traveler's Letter.

Parral, Chihuahua, Mexico, Nov. 1, '83.

While I am waiting for a delayed trunk of samples I will improve the opportunity to drop you a few lines about matters aud things.

Leaving Oakland Sept. 17th, I set out for Mexico, via Lathrop, and down the San Joaquin valley. The only breaks in the monotony of California in the "sere and yellow," were the threshing machines at work, stacks of grain, and the loaded flat cars at the stations. From the above-mentioned omens I should judge that "times" had been good in the rural districts, despite the dry winter. What the statistics say I cannot tell.

To the Eastern traveler, California in the autumn must appear dreary enough, and those who see it only in that season must take the "spring-time" descriptions with many grains of salt.

I was fortunate enough to be awake when we passed the "loop" at Tehachapi Pass, and it being at the "full" of the moon, got a good view of that section, which is not particularly attractive but interesting. In the morning we reached Los Angeles, which is always interesting. From there on to Colton one has a good opportunity to see what can be done by irrigation—the desert actually made to blossom with the rose, as well as with other more profitable products. It was a grateful sight coming from the scorched valleys to the north to the "living green," of San Gabriel, and the contrast, in memory, was still greater after passing on to the desert beyond—the "Colorado Desert," which for pure barrenness, flying sand and heat I have not seen equaled even in Mexico. The desert proper is ended at Yuma, where we arrived at dark, too late to see anything but the "dark rolling river" beneath the railroad bridge. From Yuma on to Tucson is very barren, and there are no places of importance. The train arrived at Tucson about 7 A. M. Tucson is one of the good old "has beens." Formerly it was the base of supplies for Central and Southern Arizona as well as Northern Sonora, besides having a large home consumption. Now the Southern Pacific Railroad has taken away its frieght business, and the Mexican Central from Benson is supplying Sonora, so that Tucson has only home consumption, and that is small at present.

During the last year all but three of Tucson's "solid men" have failed, and altogether Tuscon is very close to the "ragged edge." I intended stopping there a week, but on arrival, found that, since I was there last year, a law had been passed requiring all commercial travelers to take out a territorial license for $200 before showing their samples. That was more than I could stand, so, after a short session with *closed doors*, I left for El Paso, Texas. Passing Benson, the junction of the Mexican Central, and which had just been nearly destroyed by fire, we reached Lordsburg, N. M., which is of some size, and quite lively, being the distributing point for New Mexico from the Pacific Coast.

We arrived at Deming at dusk. This place is to be the junction of several railroads, and has "great expectations." The poor supper I got there rather prejudiced me against the place.

It was along in the *dead hours* when we reached El Paso. Happening to meet a good Samaritan from Tombstone, a lumber dealer, who knew the hotels, I was fortunate enough to escape the "Central," where I stopped last year, and got good quarters at the "Berlin." After my arrival the "Pierson" was opened near the railroad track, which, externally, is all that can be desired. The interior I did not sample. Since I was in El Paso last year, the place has been growing as only western towns can grow. Then there was only one brick and iron building, the First National Bank. Now there are at least a dozen solid brick and iron buildings, from 100 to 150 feet deep, two stories high, and several more being built. These buildings may be a little "previous" just now, but for the man who has the capital to back his faith, the investment is safe. Nearly all of the stores are rented, and some of them exhibit fine stocks of goods. El Paso is the junction of seven or eight railroads, and more coming. Its chief advantage is its connection with the Mexican Central Railroad, and being the port of entry for all American goods sent into Chihuahua and Durango, every inducement is offered to Mexican merchants to buy there instead of going to Chicago or New York. Most of the business houses are branches or off-shoots of St. Louis and Kansas City houses, who understand the magnitude of the business to be done with Mexico, and mean to be "thar."

El Paso is healthy, well situated, and is sure to be of importance. Has now several thousand inhabitants, three churches, the united congregations of which would just nicely fill one of the buildings. Has Odd Fellows and Masonic halls and club-rooms, but not yet a school-house. One is projected, however. The street railroad from El Paso to Paso del Norte, across the river, has been built since I was there, also the railroad bridge, so that passengers to and from Mexico do not have to change or leave the cars.

California gets very little El Paso trade, while it should have a great deal. Nearly all goods of Pacific Coast production are bought in St. Louis or Chicago.

Paso del Norte, Mexico, remains the same as it has been for the last one hundred years, except for the introduction of the street railroad and the large fine stone depot of the Mexican Central, which would be an ornament in any country. They raise very fine grapes on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, which are peddled about El Paso, Texas.

Smuggling is the chief industry and must be very profitable, as it seriously interferes with legitimate trade. Prints and fancy goods are brought to the interior towns in quite large quantities, and sold cheaper than they can possibly be laid down legitimately. The Mexican merchants have no scruples whatever about buying such goods, and are not to be blamed very much, as the tariff is utterly unjust, and often ridiculous. The custom-house in Paso del Norte, Mexico, is utterly inadequate for the business it has, and merchants are frequently kept weeks waiting to have their goods passed. I was fortunate in getting my samples through without serious trouble

The next morning after passing my samples, I took the train for Chihuahua. For sixty or seventy miles the road runs through a dry, sandy country like Nevada and Arizona. We then go down into a large valley, extending about twenty miles each side of the track, and one hundred and fifty miles in length. This valley is dry, generally speaking, but has a large lake or "laguna" in the center.

There had been a rain a few days before I came down and everything was looking green and fresh. On account of lack of water, and abundance of Indians, this valley is very little cultivated, but is literally covered with cattle. The engine "slowed up" several times to avoid running over them. The cattle will stand on the track and watch the train, apparently without any idea of the danger, until the whistle blows, then they will "break" and run for a hundred yards. The most of the stock was fat, but the breed largely inclined to horns. All the beef used in El Paso comes from this valley, and I understand that a large portion of the exported "Texas" beef comes from Mexican soil. This valley and its contents is owned chiefly by Gov. Luis Terrazas, of Chihuahua, and Henry Miller, a Mexicanized German. The train reached Chihuahua about dusk. The depot is a mile and a half to the east of town. The street cars and hacks complete the circuit. This year I went to the Hotel Nacional, under Mexican management, in preference to the American Hotel, under American management. Americans show their ambition to make money, and that speedily, more plainly in a hotel than in any other business. The Nacional has no very shining excellencies, but averages very well. A deluge of decent beds, chairs and tables would benefit Mexico very much, if directed in proper channels. Every thing is of the handed-down-from-former-generations sort—very interesting and uncomfortable.

The Mexican cooking, like tomatoes, one has to "learn to like," in fact has to "begin over" nearly every meal. Their "frioles" and "tortillas" (beans and fritters), if cleanly made (an event hoped for), are very nice. Good, bad or indifferent, they form the living of nine-tenths of the people.

Chihuahua has improved considerably since my last visit. Has a street railroad, telephones, and several good large stone houses with "American insides" are being built. Mr. L. H. Scott, the American Consul, is putting a modern roof on his new house, I think the first in town. The government palace which last year was about five feet from the ground, is now nearly ten feet high, and in the course of four or five years may be

(Concluded on fourth page.)

The Woman's Board
OF THE PACIFIC.

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The regular monthly meeting of the "Woman's Board of Missions" will be held in the First Congregational church, Oakland, on Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 2 P. M. Meeting of the Executive Committee at 11 A. M. (prompt). San Francisco ladies will please take the 10 o'clock boat.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to each and every one of our sisterhood!

We have for our readers this week the promised letter from Miss Daughady, giving some livid pen-pictures of Japanese scenes.

Mt. Hiyei, Japan, Aug. 28, 1883.

Dear Mrs. Jewett: When I first came I was saddened by bereavement, and by the fact that, with strongest desire to work for the Japenese people, with no knowledge of their characteristics and language, there seemed nothing for me to do. Gradually opportunities for usefulness have presented themselves, and as all the conditions seem most favorable for acquiring the language, I am feeling encouraged. In our impatience, however, Miss Hooper and myself feel almost as if we could pray for the "gift of tongues."

Since the middle of July, when the heat had become almost unbearable, we (Miss H. and myself) have been in company with a number of missionary families, tenting on Hiyei-zan, as the Japanese call it. Coming here we had our first *kago* ride. The kagos were very primitive in construction, being rude, wicker, cage-like arrangements, with a canopy of matting over each. These were swung from bamboo rods, resting on the shoulders of the bearers. In these, sitting Japanese fashion, to occupy as little space as possible, we swayed back and forth as the men toiled up the narrow pass. Hiyei-zan is one of the sacred mountains of Japan.

Our camp is located on a series of plateaus on the mountain side, the sites of old temples. For about 1100 years Buddhist priests held full possession of this mountain, and temples and shrines abounded everywhere. Some large and beautiful temples are here now, as well as great numbers of old ones in various stages of dilapidation, some being mere shapeless masses of ruins. But the priests have lost a part of their territory, and on the unoccupied ground, by consent of the government, missionaries have pitched their tents. Thus it has come to pass that here, where for centuries arose the sound of temple drums and the smoke of incense, there ascends instead, as a morning and evening sacrifice, the voice of prayer and praise to *one true God*. May the time speedily come when Christianity shall thus supersede degrading superstition in every part of the Sunrise Kingdom!

As the plot of ground on which the missionaries live is very small compared with the great extent of the mountain still under priest by rule, so does the advance which the true faith has made compare with that which remains to be done. Earnest, self-sacrificing effort on the part of Christians at home and those in the field will be necessary before the true "Light of Asia" shall reach the millions still sitting in darkness.

Our tents form quite a little village, and there is a small farm-yard stocked with cows and calves. The "lowing of the kine" has a very home-like sound. Not the least important member of our community is a grey donkey. When "donkey dear," as the children call him, lifts up his voice, his piercing shrieks awake the mountain echoes. Many other animals are here in this wild retreat besides domestic ones. Deer and wild bears are occasionally shot by the Japanese, and monkeys prowl around the tents at night. This would seem a paradise to an enthusiastic student of natural history, particularly if he were specially interested in the department familiarly known as "Bugology." Monster spiders, insects of every description, some bearing the closest resemblance to pine needles, pieces of bark or small twigs, long green and white grass-hoppers that look like strips of ribbon-grass, brilliant bugs, not to mention some snakes bright-tinted lizards and the vicious flea. There is so much of life everywhere there is "not a leaf or blade," nor, for that matter, a square inch of soil, bark or canvas "too mean, but is some happy creature's palace." There are also many sweet-voiced birds—a rare thing in Japan. Our Japanese teacher accompanied us here, so our mornings are given to study, afternoons to tramping, and evenings to reading, writing and conversation (for the sake of the practice) with the Japanese about us. The gentlemen portion of the camp study, translate, and go down at stated intervals to do missionary work in the city below. It is not a very restful vacation for them, I think. We have just returned from a walk. All the broad, smooth paths lead to temples. We followed a shady, romantic one wind ing around the mountain. A deep ravine lay far below on one side, stone-faced embankments, probably centuries old, rose high on the other. To these stones, mosses, a great variety of ferns and wild flowers were clinging. On the mountain slope was a perfect jungle of bamboo grass with the lacquer plant, wild lilies and many shrubs, while great cryptomeria trees towered above all. We came to a spring whose ice-cold water was guarded by a stone idol, before which were floral offerings in sections of bamboo placed vertically before it. A large number of pilgrims to these mountain shrines were slaking their thirst and resting in the shade. These people often come about our tents; we give them tracts, and converse with them thruogh an interpreter. They are invariably gentle and polite. Farther on at the door of a temple a lone worshiper was kneeling. So earnest and absorbed was he that he did not notice our approach. With profound sighs and many protestations he prayed for a long time. His appearance was that of one in deep affliction and longing for consolation from some source. The views from these paths, and especially those obtained from the summit, are magnificent. Kioto, beautiful "city of the plain," lies like a map below; its white "go downs" gleaming in the sunlight, while a great stretch of country beyond reaches to distant mountains. Beautiful Lake Biwa, forty-five miles in length, lies on the opposite side. We turn and see low, billowy hills enclosing a small lake, while farther on range after range of mountains, Alps on Alps, loom grandly up, the farthest one seeming like a mighty rampart shutting us in from the outside world. This has been an unusually hot and dry summer. The farmers in the valleys below have great fears for their rice. Every evening we see their rain prayers in the form of torchlight processions winding in and out among the villages, and huge bon-fires blazing from the hill tops. As these thus far have been unsuccessful in producing rain, the exasperated farmers have beaten some of the stone idols on the mountain with bamboo rods, and have bound them tightly with ropes, threatening not to release them until rain falls. Large sums of money have been contributed to the temples, and animals have been offered as sacrifices.

A striking contrast to the superstitious observances going on around us are the Christian services now being held on Hiyei-zan. Often at sunset as we sit facing mountains luminous with golden mist, the bills resound with the grand old hymns which for ages have been an inspiration and a strength to the church militant, and on the wings of which multitudes now of the church triumphant have risen to glory; and many and fervent are the prayers offered that heathen altars be overthrown, and Japan become "a mountain of holiness, and a dwelling-place of righteousness.

Home Circle.

In His Will is Our Peace.

BY THE REV. J. E. C. SAWYER.

In la sua volontade e nostra pace.—Paradiso iii, 85.

"Our peace is in his will!" So sing the saints
Above—the happy, holy, shining throng
Of sinless souls, in joyous, endless song,
With gladness full, and free from all complaints.
"Our peace is in his will!" So saints below,
In exile, want and torture, calmly sing;
God's will their peace, though keen anguish wring,
Though wrath may rage and woe succeed to woe.

To all who love his will he doth impart
Sweet peace that fills their loyal souls with praise,
Songs in the night and strength for weary days.
"Our peace is in his will!" Oh, may my heart,
Too often like the wild, rebellious sea,
That song well learn and be from tumults free.

Giving.

The eighth and ninth chapters of the second epistle of Paul to the Corinthians are devoted exclusively to the subject of collections for the poor saints at Jerusalem.

The new version gives the meaning of the first verse of the eighth chapter more clearly than the authorized text.

"Moreover, brethren, we make known to you the grace of God which hath been given in the churches of Macedonia, how that, in much proof of affliction the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality," and Paul was a witness of the fact that in their poverty they gave of their own accord and urged its acceptance, as if he at first had hesitated under the circumstances to take their contribution, and they prayed him "with much entreaty" to take the gift.

Paul opens and closes this exhortation to liberality by reference to the wonderful gift of Jesus Christ. "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sake he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." What an incentive! Who could withstand it! Jesus rich in all that goes to make up the grandeur of a God, did empty himself of it all, laid aside all the honors and the wealth of heaven and became so poor on earth as to have "not where to lay his head," and all for us. Was ever such giving as this? He made himself poor in making us rich. Surely, if we are what our name indicates—Christians—this lofty example will burn in our souls until we will hunt up objects upon which to bestow our liberality; yea, like the Macedonian Christians, we will beg the privilege of giving, accounting it the best boon that can be bestowed upon us. We are all sojourners, as were our fathers, and there is none abiding. Like Israel in the wilderness, we can have no permanent homes amid the shifting sands of earth. What if its treasures were heaped together by us? All must be left behind us when we go into the land beyond. God intends that we shall help each other from time to time time. This will bind us together as brethren as nothing else will. Paul says, "It is written, 'He that had gathered much had nothing over, and he that had gathered little had no lack," referring to the manna in the wilderness. If a man gathered more than he could eat, he gave the surplus to his neighbor who had been ess fortunate than himself, knowing that it would spoil if kept over to the next day, and would do him no good. Why not do good with it while it was good, and in his possession? The only way to save money is by giving it to some good object. See the result of Christ's great gift of himself. But how can we show you this now? John caught a glimpse of a part of it when the hundred forty and four thousand, with the other multitude which no man could number, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands.

Oh, when all the company of the saints shall stand in the sea of glass with the harps of God in their hands and shall strike the high notes of praise to him who loved them and gave himself for them, then, and not till then, shall the fruits of that wonderful poverty of Jesus be seen. Once more his riches shall be returned to him, and the millions of the redeemed added to it as the interest on his investment. Once more he shall assume the sceptre, but now he shall sway it over the saved of earth as well as the countless herds of heaven.

So we give here below, and like bread cast upon the waters, we lose sight of it for the time, but as sure as God has said it, so sure shall we find it after many days. Saints shall lie down to sleep without enough of earthly possessions to bury them from sight, and shall wake with a bank account in heaven that will last through eternity.

How full of meaning is that expression, "He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay back again." Who gives with this understanding? Who has faith to put his money in the hands of the Lord?—[Exchange.

Last Years of Bishop Wilberforce.

July 19, 1861.—What I want: To have Christ in me—a presence, a power, a molding life.

Mem.—Every day, by a special resolution with prayer to devote that day, with all I can see of its duties, to God's glory, in God's strength. To bring the detail of my life more into communion with the life of Christ. * * * The increase of the inward life is what I want.

July 14, 1863.—Survey my life. What wonderful advantages! My father's son, his favorite, and so, companion. My good mother, such surroundings! My love for my blessed one, compassing me with an atmosphere of holiness, my ordination, my married life, my ministry at Checkendon, its bliss, and its work opening my heart. Brightstone, Alverstroke, the Archdeaconry, the Deanery, Bishopric, friends. My stripping bare in 1841. My children. Herbert's deathbed. How has God dealt, and what have I really done—for him! *Meserere, Domine!* is all my cry.

Prohibition in Georgia.

We are glad to note the substantial and intelligent progress of prohibition in the Empire State of the South. The fight has been fought in detail—country by country—until now a large majority in the State have pronounced in favor of the great reform. One fact is significant and inspiring to every friend of the cause—the countries that have pronounced for prohibition, and given it a trial, have no desire or purpose to renew the experiment of the license. We appeal to our friends in Mississippi and Louisiana to heed the lesson of this success and renew the efforts. The Atlanta *Constitution* sent out circulars over the State to ascertain how prohibition is succeeding. Fifty-five counties have secured prohibitory laws, thirty-six have adopted partial prohibition, nine are soon to vote on the question, and twenty-five have voted against it. The *Constitution* says:

"The answers in regard to the prohibition issue indicate that where prohibition has been once adopted the people have no inclination to abandon it. The courts are less burdened with crime, the people are happy, and property rates higher. There are three forms of prohibition in Georgia—by direct vote of the people on elections ordered for the county, an act of the Legislature, or by the exercise of the discretion vested in the ordinary to refuse licenses."

Submission.

Remember it is the will of a wise God that we submit ourselves, who has his eternal reasons for the events he prepares for us, who sees the various uses of the situations in which he places us, who does nothing haphazard, and who knows results before he has taken his measures.

We may, indeed, be uneasy about the situation we prepare for ourselves, for we do not know ourselves well enough to decide what is best suited for us, and in our choice we usually consult the interests of our passions more than those of our soul.

But the Christian, submissive to God's will, is comforted by knowing the wisdom of him in whom he trusts. "God has his reasons," says he, "for placing me in this situation, and, though they are unknown to me, they are none the less wise and adorable. I must not measure his incomprehensible views by my poor, limited knowledge. I cannot see where the ways by which he is guiding me will lead. But, since his hand has traced them, I have but to walk without fear."

He often leads to the promised land by circuitous routes and over barren deserts, and almost always conceals his way to leave us all the merit of submission and trust.—[Massillon.

A Poor Excuse.

One of the commonest excuses for small contributions towards the general work of the Church, by congregations and by individuals, is that "there have been so many extra expenses at home." It is one of the meanest excuses that can be made. Just because you have expended extra sums for the improvement or indulgence of yourself, individual or congregational, it has become your duty to give a proportionate extra amount toward furthering that part of the work of Christ which does not directly benefit yourself. The true Christian, before treating himself to an extra luxury, always asks, not, Will I have enough to buy it, if I cut down my contributions to benevolent causes? but, Will I have enough to buy it, and give a proportionate extra sum to the cause of Christ? To spend on ourselves, and then take from what we owe Christ and his Church in order to make it up, is a sheer robbery—robbery of God. To spend on beautifying our own church and then withhold on that account what would help to build a church in our Home Mission field, or to feed and clothe a missionary, is, if possible, still worse.—[The Moravian.

The Sweetest Joys.

Very many of the sweetest joys of Christian hearts are songs which have been learned in the bitterness of trial. It is said of a little bird that he will never learn to sing the song his master will have him sing, while it is light in his cage. He learns a snatch of every song he hears, but will not learn a full separate melody of his own. And the master covers the cage and makes it dark all about the bird, and then he listens and learns the one song that is taught to him, until his heart is full of it. Then, ever after, he sings that song in the light. With many of us it is as with the bird. The Master has a song He wants to teach us, but we learn only a strain of it, a note here and there, while we catch up snatches of the world's song, and sing with it. Then He comes and makes it dark about us till we learn the sweet melody He would teach us. Many of the loveliest songs of peace and trust sung by God's children in this world have been taught in the darkened chamber of sorrow.—[Christian Weekly.

The whole number of avowed Swedenborgians in the United States in 1880 was 3,094.

At the Beautiful Gate.

A certain man, lame from his birth, had been for years carried every day into the temple at Jerusalem and laid at the gate called "Beautiful" to ask alms of those who entered the house of prayer. The temple of God is the place towards which the suffering ones of earth instinctively turn for help. Amid the revelries within the rich man's abode the poor beggar at the gate was forgotten, and the dogs that licked his sores were his only comforters; but the lame man at the gate "Beautiful" had learned that when the hearts of men are turned towards God in prayer, their sympathy for human sorrow will be more readily moved than when mingling in scenes of earthly pleasure.

The beauty of that gate and the moral and spiritual blessings of which it was the portal were celebrated wherever a son of Abraham was found; but it is possible that the chief concern of the lame man was the alms he would receive of them that entered the temple. That was the business that called him there every day, and the pennies that would drop now and then into his outstretched palm were more attractive to him than the magnificence of the gate and the moral and spiritual blessings to which it led. If he thought more of the alms of the worshipers than of the mercy and love of the God they worshiped, he was a type of thousands who linger around the gates of the sanctuary the present day, who are willing to enjoy its inferior blessings, yet refuse to enter and share the spiritual and eternal benefits which the Gospel so richly provides. There are many who recognize the benefits the Gospel confers on the world in elevating the standard of civilization, giving moral tone to human character, in reforming bad men and and restraining vice, in rendering property and life secure, in refining and elevating society, and thus ensuring the prosperity and happiness of the lands where it is established; and yet, accepting all these benefits, they have never surrendered their own lives to its chastening and sanctifying influences. They are glad that their families share the benefits of religion, and desire that their children should share the benign influence of the sanctuary and the Sabbath-school, and yet they seldom are found among the worshipers of God. We have known men, who were irreligious in life, who were careful that the women with whom their marriage vows were plighted should be Christians in both faith and practice. They wanted the wives to whom they must trust their happiness, and the mothers who would mould the character of their children, to be under the influence of the teachings of the Nazarene. In every community are men who seldom enter the courts of the house of God who cheerfully contribute to its support, because the church, by some law of affinity or attraction, will invite good citizens into their neighborhood, and because the Sabbath and the sanctuary will repress vice and encourage virtue.

Some are very near the beautiful gate, they mark the benefits Christianity confers upon the present life, and are willing to enjoy its benefits to that extent, but they refuse to pass its portals and possess the higher and eternal benefits purchased for all our race by the gift of Jesus Christ. Some draw so near that they enter the pales of some branch of the church, and are among its most liberal supporters; but they have never approached the mercy seat and found the great high Priest at the altar of consecration ready to accept their offering and make them heirs of a happy immortality. They are regularly at the gate of public worship, their voices often join the songs of praise, their heads are bowed in reverent supplication; but they have never realized in their own hearts the joy of pardoned sin, or felt the power of regenerating grace.

How much they need a messenger, like Peter or John, who can comprehend this higher want of immortal natures, and "in the name of Jesus of Nazareth" lift them into a higher plane of their moral and spiritual life! The church needs a revival within its outer portals. There are multitudes within its gates who are unconverted. They love the church, they accept its doctrines, their outward life is consistent with their profession; but they are devoid of that joyful experience that assures them they are indeed the children of God. They meet the outward call of duty, but they have not yet "received the Spirit of adoption whereby we cry Abba Father." Some possibly will be seated at the "gate Beautiful" in every congregation in our land next Sunday who have never entered upon that rich experience. Will not the pastor endeavor to lead them into the possession of more than the earthily and social blessings which Christianity spreads all over our happy Christian land, and lift their hearts so near the throne of Christ that his healing power may touch their souls and make them, like the lame man at the "gate Beautiful," leap for joy.—[Texas Advocate.

The Week of Prayer.

Here is the programme for the Week of Prayer, which commences with the first Sunday in the year, January 6. The general arrangement of topics is as follows:

Monday, January 7.—Praise and Thanksgiving.

Tuesday, January 8.—Confession of Sin, and Prayer for Cleansing and Renewal.

Wednesday, January 9.—Prayer for Families and Instruction of Youth.

Thursday, January 10.—Prayer for the Church of Christ.

Friday, January 11.—Intercession for the Nations.

Saturday, January 12.—Prayer for Missions at Home and Abroad.

Los Angeles has nineteen regular publications—daily, weekly and monthly.

Oberlin College has not had a regular income equal to her regular expenditure for a single year during the past fifty.

Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, pastor of the Church of Our Saviour (Unitarian), in East Boston, dropped dead November 29, while offering prayer.

The revival in Japan is still going on. At Okayama thirteen applied for admission to Mr. Cary's (Congregational) church, on the first Sunday in October.

The Calvary Baptist church, New York, with 800 members, pays the pastor $6,000 per annum, and raises $100,000 a year for benevolent and educational purposes.

Dr John Hall says that one secret of a minister's success is "to get all the work possible out of laymen and Christian women." No pastor can succeed in his work without the co-operation of the laity.

The birthplace of the Apostle Paul is the scene of a great revival by a movement of reform in the Armenian Church in a Protestant direction. At a prayer-meeting 500 persons are considered a small number.

Plans are being prepared for a $40,000 building, including dormitories and boarding departments, for the proposed institution of learning at Chattanooga, under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Conductor Harris of Boston, in connection with several clergymen of that city, is endeavoring to raise a fund of $18,000 for the construction and equipment of a mission-car, to be used in evangelical work among railroad men.

A department for women has been opened at Owens College, Manchester, Eng., which counts eighty students, two or three of whom are reading for degrees, and are allowed to attend the senior graduating classes of the college.

One hundred thousand Jews are said to have become converted to Christianity since 1809, through the agency of the London society for the promotion of Christianity among that people, and two thousand Jewish Christians are reported to be now living in the English capital.

"Give me a bass drum or a Chinese gong, rather than our quartet of two youngsters with their hair parted exactly in the middle, and a pair of young girls with their wool gathered over their eyes like a merino sheep or a Scotch poodle, who troll out something which nobody can understand, and call it the 'praise of God.'"—[Dr. Mark Trafton, in Zion's Herald.

Tolman Wheeler, of Chicago, who has already made a number of valuable bequests to the Episcopal Church, has deeded the church a valuable tract of land in the western division of that city, and advanced $200,000 toward the erection of a church preparatory school. The design is to be after that of Oxford, a prominent feature in the structure being a chapel and a library of 10,000 volumes.

Political economy is becoming a favorite study in the first-class colleges of America. Of the 972 students attending Harvard University 242 make the study a specialty. At Princeton, Yale and Michigan Universities an increasing number of the students "take" it. All students should study political economy. If they would devote one-quarter of the time they now fool away on Greek to political economy and chemistry, they would know a good deal more on leaving college than they usually do.

Mr. Spurgeon, the famous London Baptist preacher, is described as a brown-skinned, low-browed, big-cheeked, rugged-framed man, stout, of medium height, with iron-gray hair, short, bristling and unparted, beard and mustache closely trimmed, wearing a "Prince Albert" coat and black cravat, with nothing clerical in his appearance, but looking for all the world like a village blacksmith with his "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes on.

William H. Vanderbilt owns $47,050,000 in United States registered four-percent. bonds, a draft for the interest on which is mailed to him quarterly from the Treasury Department. The interest on these bonds amounts as follows:

Per annum, $1,882,000.
Per quarter, $740,500.
Per month, $156,883 33⅓.
Per day, $5,156 16.
Per hour, $214 84.
Per minute, $3 58.
Per second, .05 29-30.

The Centenary Church-extension movement is opportune. Upon its success largely depends the success or failure of the work of home evangelization to which Southern Methodism is so evidently called by all the conditions and providential intimations that can define a line of action. With our solid, steady, stirring Secretary Morton in the lead, we shall look for wise methods, energetic movement, liberal responses from the people, and results that will bless this and coming generations.

When you see a man enter the pulpit and present himself before the congregation with an air of self-assurance, as much as to say, "I am here, know what I am about and feel sure I can teach you," and then proceed in a dictatorial tone and manner, you may set it down that man has either mistaken his calling or has not learned how its functions should be performed. Modesty, with a reverent and solemn air, becomes him who would bear a message from God to men. Let the love for sinners, as redeemed by the blood of Christ, and having the offer of life and salvation, be in the heart, and it will show itself in the tones of voice, in the words used, and in all the other acts and demeanor of the man. All with him will indicate sympathy and tenderness.

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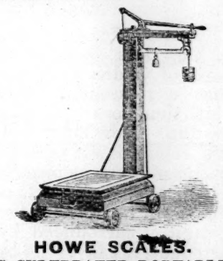

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Miscellany

A Cup of Tea.

"Sitting in a station the other day, I had a little sermon preached in the way I like; and I'll report it for your benefit, because it taught one of the lessons which we all should learn, and taught it in such a natural, simple way that no one could forget it.

"It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late; the ladies' room dark and smoky, and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid. I felt all three, and thought, as I looked around, that my fellow-beings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set.

"Just then, a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of wares, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything; and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again. She turned presently, and poked about the room as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, and saw the old woman, and instantly asked, in a kind tone, 'Have you lost anything, ma'am?'

"'No, dear, I'm looking for the heating place to have a warm' fore I goes out again. My eyes is poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowheres.'

"'Here it is.' And the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"'Well, now, ain't that nice!' said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. 'Thanky, dear: this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm almost frozen to-day, being lame and wimbly; and not selling much makes me down-hearted.'

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor woman had been dressed in silk and fur: 'Won't you have a cup of tea? It's very comforting a day like this.'

"'Sakes alive! do they give tea at this depot?' cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go round the room, touching the glummest face like a streak of sunshine, 'Well, now, this is jest lovely,' added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. 'This does warm the cockles of my heart!'

"While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoe-strings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

"As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I had considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered me; and, as I saw the look of interest, sympathy, and kindness come into the dismal faces all around me I did wish that I was the magician to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts; for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect. And when the old woman got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

"Old beggar women are not romantic, neither are cups of tea, boot-laces and colored soap. There were no gentlemen present to be impressed with the lady's kind act, so it wasn't done for effect; and no possible reward could be received for it except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged old woman. But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon to those who saw it, and I think each traveler went on her way better for that half-hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did, and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from 'comforting the cockles of the heart' of every forlorn old woman she met for a week after."—[Louisa M. Alcott.

Prepared for a Whipping.

When Rev. Dr. Fisk was the presiding officer at Wilbraham Seminary, there was one boy who was as full of mischief as a boy only could be. He taxed the well-known elastic patience of Dr. Fisk to the last degree. Finally the doctor said to him, after a capital act of misconduct, "You must prepare yourself for a severe whipping." When the appointed time came the doctor was on hand, very much more affected, apparently, than the irrepressible mischief-maker. After a solemn discourse in that most melting tone of voice that no one can forget who ever heard it, the doctor drew his rattan and laid it with considerable unction upon the boy's back. Nothing but dust followed the blow. The subject of the discipline was entirely at his ease and evidently quite unconscious of the stroke.

"Take off your coat, sir!" was the next command—for the doctor was a little roused. Again whistled the rattan around the boy's shoulders, but with no more effect. "Take off your vest, sir!" shouted the doctor. Off went the vest, but there was another under it. "Off with the other!" and then, to the astonishment of the administrator of justice, he exposed a dry codfish defending the back of the culprit like a shield, while below there was evidently stretching over other exposed portions of the body a stout leather apron.

"What does this mean?" said the doctor.

"Why," said the great rogue, in a particularly humble and persuasive tone, "you told me, doctor, to prepare myself for punishment, and I have done the best I could."

It was out of the question to pursue the act of discipline any farther at that time. And it is doubtful whether it was resumed again.

Religious Doubt and Modern Poetry

The fatal *narrowing* tendency which attends the intellectual processes of skepticism is nowhere seen in a more startling light than in its action upon poetry. The freshness and spontaneity of song is lost, the lyrical cry becomes a lyrical wail, simplicity and fullness of emotion become unknown, and the imagination, having lost courage for any thing like colossal effort, is frittered away, and wastes itself in spasmodic and often morbid creation. There is no clearer lesson taught us by the history of human thought and action than that the greatest deed and utterance are impossible without the serenity and courage which spring from living faith with God. The great poet must, like Milton, ever live in his great Taskmaster's eye, and then he will not fail to make his own life a true poem. There is no compensation for the loss of faith in poetry. Doubt may sometimes lift its cup full of the wine of misery to the poet's lips, and he shall drink, and find a certain bitter exhilaration in the draught which fires the mind with brief poetic *fervor*, but that throb of short and daring effort is all too dearly purchased. The world asks that its poets shall be prophets; that its singers shall be believers; that their inspiration shall be drawn from above, else it were better that their gift died in them, and their song were never sung.

The keystone in the arch of life is God. If once the poet pluck *that* down, what wonder is it that all his life falls straightway into illimitable despair and ruin? What wonder that the stars fade one by one above him, until at last he sits in cities of dreadful night, and bows his head, and only asks to die? In poetry, as in philosophy, it is needful to insist upon the abiding power and presence of the religious instinct. All outrage done to that is outrage upon that which is noblest in humanity. It brings its revenges with it, and the Nemesis which follows skepticism in poetry is confusion and paralysis of power and effort. Nor is it possible, as Tennyson has shown us, for any man to be even indifferent to the religious instinct, and yet be a great poet. It is not given to the mightiest genius to

> Sit as God, holding no form of creed,
> But contemplating all.

In attempting to shun the most solemn problems of the universe, and work out for himself a perfect intellectual culture, such a poet simply builds a palace of art, whose splendid corridors ring at last with his despair, and all whose glory he is glad to barter for a cottage in the vale where he may mourn and pray. The religious instincts of the race have always been the secret springs which have fed the great poetry of the world; and the iconoclast who would propose to himself the daring programme of eliminating faith in God from the poetic literature of England would speedily discover that his proposition meant the destruction of every thing which the common consent of four centuries has voted best worth preserving.

From Robert Browning we may take one line which should be the first article in any poet's creed, "Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure."

From the verse of him "who uttered nothing base" we may quote what seems to us as beautiful a conception of the poet as poet ever uttered, and one which our generation were wise in laying to heart. The true poet is

> One in whom persuasion and belief
> Have ripened into faith, and faith become
> A passionate intuition.

—[The Rev. W. J. Dawson.

Two Ways of Doing.

One of the heroic tract distributors we sometimes meet in the cars shuffles his tracts, glances around at his fellow-travelers, and at last hands a certain tract to one individual, a second to another, and a third to still another. Each recipient looks at the title, and at once begins to inquire, "Why did that man give this particular tract to me? Does he think I need a sermon on that topic? There is no appropriateness about it. What a nuisance these tracts are!" And the man throws it down or thrusts it into his pocket with a feeling of antagonism. He may get good from it yet, but he will be much more likely to do so if we do not first make it repulsive to him.

Suppose, instead of this, a man meets a group of his neighbors, and says: "There is so much profane swearing in this community that I am actually afraid for my boys, and I have been studying up what can be done about it. How do you think it would do to give out this tract to everybody? It will rouse Christians to notice the prevalence of the sin, and perhaps set them to work to reprove it. It will help make habitual swearers think when they utter an oath, it will make Sunday-school teachers talk to their classes about it, and it will rouse up the conscience of the entire community if it is thoroughly distributed. Just look it over, and tell me what you think of its appropriateness; for it seems to me someting ought to be done."

So he begins his distributing then and there, and perhaps gains their co-operation, and goes on with equal common sense through the rest of it, talks about it in the papers, prays about it, perhaps secures a sermon on the subject, and so makes tract distribution successful, not for its own sake, but as a help in driving out sin and wickedness.

Rev. G. L. Mackay, missonary of the Canada Presbyterian Society to the island of Formosa, off the coast of China, reports that over 2,000 natives have thrown away their idols, and desire to worship the one true God. A chapel has been opened in one village, and in another of over 200 inhabitants every soul wants to be a Christian, and every house is cleared of idols.

Accidental Poisoning.

If you have swallowed a poison, whether laudanum, arsenic, or other poisonous drug, put a tablespoonful of ground mustard in a glass of water, cold or warm, stir, and swallow quickly. Instanteously the contents of the somach will be thrown up, not allowing the poisonous substance time to be absorbed and taken into the blood.

As soon as vomiting ceases, swallow the white of one or two eggs, for the purpose of antagonizing any small portion of the poison which may have been left behind. Let the reader remember the principle, which is to get the poison out of you as quickly as possible.

There are other things which will also serve as a speedy emetic, but the advantage of mustard is, it is always at hand, it acts iastantaneously, without any other medicinal effects. The use of the white of an egg is that, although it does not nullify all poisons, it antagonizes a larger number than any other agent so readily attainable.

But, having taken the mustard or egg, send for a physician; these are advised in order to save time; as the delay of twenty minutes often causes death.

Cures of bites and stings: Almost all these are destructive from their acid nature; consequently the cure is an alkali. Spirits of hartshorn is one of the strongest, and is kept in almost every household, and you have only to pour some of it out in a tea-cup, and dabble it on with a rag. Relief is immediate.

If you have not hartshorn, then saleratus is a suitable alkali. Every cook in the land has saleratus, and we are daily eating ourselves into the grave by its extravagant use—the use of half a thimbleful a week is extravagant.

Moisten it with water, and use as in the case of hartshorn. Or, pour a teacup of boiling water on as much wood ashes, stir it, and in a few minutes you will have alkali. The lye of ashes will answer a good purpose while the physician is coming.

Remember the prinicple—bite is an acid, the cure is an alkali.|—Hall's Journal of Health.

A Bible Reading Irishman.

An Irishman had taken to reading the Bible. The priest came and told him he had heard that he was reading the Bible. "And indeed it is true, and a blessed book it is." "But," said the priest, "you are an ignorant man, and ought not to read the Bible." "Well," said Pat, "but your riverence must prove that, before I will give up reading the Bible." And so the priest turned to the place where it reads, "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word." "There," said the priest, "you are a babe, and you ought to go to somebody who can tell you what the sincere milk of the word is." Pat was a milkman, and he replied, "Your riverence, I was ill, and employed a man to carry my milk, and he cheated me—he put water in it; and how do I know, (saving your riverence,) but the priest may do the same?" The priest was discomfited, and said, "Well, Pat, I see you are not quite so much of a babe as I thought you were. You may read your Bible, but don't show it to your neighbors." "Indeed, your riverence," says Pat, "I've one cow that I know gives good milk, and while my neighbor has none, sure I'll give him part of it, whether your riverence likes it or not."

QUININE FROM GAS TAR.—The last contribution of modern chemistry to science is the production of quinine from gas tar. Professor Fischer, of Munich, has succeeded in obtaining from distilled coal a white crystalline powder, which, as far as regards its action on the human system, cannot be distinguished from quinine except that it assimilates even more readily with the stomach. Its efficacy in reducing fever heat is said to be remarkable, even rendering the use of ice unnecessary. The importance of such a discovery as this consists not so much in the actual fact achieved as in the stimulus given to scientific research by the opening up of a new channel of investigation. The romance of gas tar is evidently far from being exhausted. In addition to the sweetest scents, the most brilliant dyes, the most powerful disinfectants, and even prussic acid are some of the numerous and wonderful products of its decomposition.—*Scientific American.*

Gen. Anson G. McCook, of New York, is elected Secretary of the Senate of the U. S.——Over 1,000 bills have been introduced since the opening of Congress.——China and France are still making war-like demonstrations.——A revolution in Anam resulted in the death of Hiephewa the King, and the new King Tiephoa is an enemy to the French.——El Mahdi, the false prophet of Soudan, is in trouble. His forces are deserting him.——The French have been bombarding more helpless and unarmed villages in Madagascar.——Parnell is stirring up Ireland.——Mrs. Christiancy, wife of the Ex-Senator, it is said killed herself with chloral Dec. 13th, in New York.——The Republican National Convention will be held at Chicago in June next.

RUSSIA FOR CHRIST.—Prince Galitzan, a young Russian nobleman, converted by a Bible given him at the Paris Exhibition, proposes to build thirty Bible Kiosks, and to fit up "seven" Bible carriages. He intends to travel seven months in Russia with Mr. Clough, of Paris, whom he has engaged to have charge of these carriages, saying: "Since Christ laid down his precious life for me, I will give my whole life, and time, and fortune to his service.—[N. Y. Morning.

Detroit has a most remarkable record. A single completed church has a debt upon it, and all its new churches are planning to pay up their arrears as completed.

The Last Message of the Old Year.

Grasping hands in a silent greeting,
Clasping hands in a sad adieu,
Drooping and tearful, smiling and hopeful,
Stand the Old Year and the New.
Crushed with a burden of care and sorrow,
Longing for death his pain to end,
Mute are his lips in the touching welcome
The Old Year gives to his fair young friend.

Around his neck, with a gentle pressure,
Suddenly steals an arm of love.
Calm is the face on the throbbing bosom,
Tearful the one that bends above.
Tenderly stroking his snowy tresses,
Kissing the lips that breathe a sigh,
Earnest the sweet young voice is pleading,
"Speak to us once before you die!"

"On my young shoulders rest your burden;
See, I am strong and can bear it all.
Now, on my heart in a benediction,
Peacefully let your dear voice fall.
We are but links in a chain of mercy,
Dropped by a God of boundless love,
To lift the penitent, clinging sinner
Into the beautiful home above.

"When the last link shall be uplifted,
And filled the heavenly mansions all,
Reunited, we'll stand forever,
Around the city a golden wall.
Glistening with gems of God's own setting—
The souls we bore o'er eternity's sea—
There we shall sparkle with undimmed splendor,
For no further need of time there'll be."

Ceases the voice, and with face all radiant
Rises once more the dear Old Year;
One last message he has to give us;
Breathless we gather around to hear.
Is it a promise of richest blessing?
Crowns for victories we have won?
No! for he speaks with a quivering accent,
Sobbing the words out one by one.

"Censure me not for the homes I have wasted,
For the motherless babes and the vacant chair;
And chide me not for the empty cradle,
Nor the piteous moan of the widow's prayer.
For soon by the lips of a loving Father
Each wound shall be healed with a tender kiss,
And the happiest hearts in the world up yonder
Will be those that so bitterly ached in this.

"Vain are regrets for a past that has vanished,
For now with my Master's work I'm done;
But, ere I go, may I throw the door open,
And into your hearts let the Crucified One?
Hark! hear you not his low, patient knocking?
Oft have you turned him in sadness away.
Wake, slumbering souls, and bid the Christ enter—
Enter, and with you forever stay.

"Are you still willing to risk your salvation,
Satisfied if you but reach the goal?
And if you miss—ah! no sound rends the heavens
Like the sad wail of a perishing soul!
God and the angels are waiting your answer,
Loved ones in glory and loved ones here;
Fly to the arms that are reaching to save you!
List to the voice of the dying Old Year!"

—*Advocate.*

When cotton can, between Monday and Wednesday, be gathered and conveyed from Arkansas (500 miles) to the Louisville exposition, cleaned, ginned, carded, spun, colored, woven, made into a suit of clothes and worn by the Governor of that State, and all for an advertisement, why shall not rapidity of analagous degree characterize the march of philanthropy? The fact is, that we are moving with a swiftness that we realize as little as we do the whistling rush of our planet on its race course round the sun. Think of the W. C. T. U. having temperance meetings in a Jewish synagogue, in Episcopal vestries, in State houses and senates! Think of a Catholic priest coming to hear a temperance woman speak in a Presbyterian church in Kentucky! Think of scientific temperance instruction legally enforced in three States, all in one year! Think of the Church of England establishing a "Woman's Temperance Union" (with a man as president! and he no other than the good and gifted Canon Ellison)! Listen to the seething of political cauldrons, the shot and shell from pulpits, the grape and canister from daily journalism, the muffled rumble of the people's voice spelling out "Prohibition!" See woman's vote by signature routing the liquor traffic, horse, foot and dragoons, in Arkansas—and echo the classic words of that excellent colored brother, Rev. Jasper—that modern Galileo, "*But he do move!*"—[Union Signal.

The department of mission work connected with the circulation of the Bible in all lands furnishes an interesting feature of the times. The operations of the various Bible societies are carried on in all parts of the world. The receipts of the British and Foreign Society last year were about $1,053,600, and its issues were 2,964,636 Bibles, Testaments, and portions, in 57 different tongues, besides several versions. The work of translation and revision has been going on in 61 tongues. This society, in all, has been instrumental in putting the Gospel into 316 languages and dialects. It employs 500 colporteurs. The receipt of the American Bible Society were last year $598,841, and its issues, 1,676,232. The receipts of the National Bible Society of Scotland were $157,305, and its issues 481,166. The receipts of the Hibernian Society were $25,565, and the issue 57,513. The grand total of receipts by all these societies is $1,132,-111, and the issues 5,174,547. It is estimated that if the number of Bibles and Testaments published by private houses were added to the above, the result would be an aggregate of some 7,-000,000 copies. The Holy Scriptures, in whole or in part, are in the language of more than three-fourths of the human race, and the Bible complete in all the great languages of the world.—[Christian Secretary.

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Forefather's Day was well celebrated by the Congregational Club in this city. The poem, oration, after-dinner speeches and a full account of the proceedings will be given to our readers in a supplement to THE PACIFIC next week. Send in your orders early for extra copies.

When a school recess comes, reaching far over the holidays, how one wishes he were a student, once more. He remembers, when such seasons come, how, long ago, he rioted in leisure, and ran over with excitement, or wore contentment like a mantle, and strolled whither he pleased, without a thought or a care, an anxiety, a disturbance, or a sorrow; and what charms some scenes had for him, and what a light there was in eyes that smiled on him, and how full of music was the air of many a retreat. But now, in life's more sober years, one is glad, for the pupils, measurably, but for the teachers most of all. They need the rest; for, a heavy sense of weariness and exhaustion steals over them in spite of all; and they think of stimulants and tonics to brace up a nature wasting faster than it can recuperate. Not a day will ever come to them again that will not bring some wear and tear, some work or fear, some sigh or sorrow. Happy they who can find in the recess some slight surcease of woe, some ease from pain, some "let up" of stress and strain, some escape from cark and care, and a day of utter self-forgetfulness — by the will of God.

We are in the midst of the holidays, and have had the labors and enjoyments and compliments of another Christmas; and measurably, have shared in its solaces, hopes and inspirations. We have to say "measurably," because we have fallen into a way of celebrating the season which deprives most of us of the best use of Christmas in a religious manner. We attempt to do so much gift-wise, and do it so elaborately, so widely and so expensively, that we deprive ourselves of the most real good of Christmas time. Seeing all this, some are beginning to think there was a true wisdom in the mind of those ancestors of ours who forbade the celebration of Christmas. But we need not return to those days. We can get midway between those days and these. We may give gifts. We may have mirth and good cheer. But we need not have fun, froth, frivolity and dissipation. We can narrow the circle of our giving to our own near relationships, and we can give little, simple and inexpensive things, without pomp, show and parade. The good of giving will come thus just as largely, and the cost, in time, money, thought and weariness, will be diminished by one-half or two-thirds. Then we can get time and strength for more purely religious services and benefits. It would be an advantage if all children, not to say adults, were required to make all the Sundays of December specially religious, and Christmas Sunday in particular, as well as part of Christmas day, as the condition of their being candidates for the reception of Christmas presents. Somehow, we need to get more Christ and less "saint" into our celebration of Christmas.

We are passing through centennial years. Celebrations multiply. Only a few weeks have gone by since New York celebrated "Evacuation Day," amid many difficulties, with great pomp, and at large expense. And now we have been called upon by the President himself to note and celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the laying off of his military power by Gen. Washington. Peace having been declared, he voluntarily gave back the power placed in his hands by the national Congress, and so became again a simple private citizen of the Republic. He might have retained his power, rank and station. He might have usurped more. He might have made himself dictator. He might have declared himself the permanent supreme ruler. He might have exacted enormous sums of money in payment for his services. He might have done other things, which a Cæsar or a Napoleon did in the height of power. But then he would not have been Washington. He would have been somebody else. A mistake would have been made. A grand nature would have failed. A noble career would have been spoiled. The embryo republic would have been crushed. And the hopes of a glorious land would have perished; while liberty would have spread her wings and sought some other shore on which to fold them in peace. It was well to give this particular day, Dec. 23d, some note, even in connection with the honors paid to our forefathers; and even though the 22d of February brings the anniversary of Washington's birth. The "Father of his country" had rank, wealth and ability in his favor. He had also some experience, reputation and popularity. But he had more. He had religious faith and moral feeling. He had great good sense and lofty principles of honor. He took high office, and bore himself modestly. He would accept no salary, and received only his few necessary expenses. He took risks, met oppositions and bore calumnies. But he conducted the war through to a happy conclusion, and came off with a world's applause. Let us be thankful for one who, in such circumstances, gladly resigned his commission, laid by his sword, and went quietly home to watch from his own doorway the rising fortunes of the land he had loved, fought for and prayed for, during seven years of his golden and glorious prime.

Taking up the minutes of the "General Association of the Congregational churches in Nebraska," a few days ago, we found that it was formed the same year (1857) in which the California Association was. By the minutes we see, to our surprise, that the total membership in the churches of that state is 4042, as over against 5959 in California; the whole number of churches there is 147, here, 102; number of ministers there, 99; here, 92; number in Sunday-schools there, 6,748; here, 11,046; average benevolent contribution per church-member there, $205; here, $474, and so on. We do not know the exact population of Nebraska, but have supposed it nearly equal to ours by this time. There is no large commercial city in that state, and that absence may account for the differences in the statistics. There is a dearth of ministers there, it would seem: more than fifty churches without pastors or regular ministers. Of course, many of these churches are weak and in small settlements where all the people are poor. We have nothing to boast of in California, but it comforts us to know that we do not suffer in comparison with every other State of the Union, as we certainly do in comparison with a few of them, not now to be specified. Nebraska is a grand State in area and in square miles of arable lands, and we shall expect great advances there in all that is wise and good the next ten years.

A notable contest is in progress in Norway. It recalls the memory of Charles and the Long Parliament in England. Still Oscar, the King, is a far more moderate sovereign than Charles. His rule there is very closely limited by a constitution which is exceedingly favorable to the people. But a party has been rising which is not anxious to retain the monarchy. It has overwhelming majorities in the legislative body. It appears to be rather weak in the capital and some of the principal cities, but among the common country people it is easily ascendant. The Parliament, under some conditions, may pass measures over the veto of the King. It has lately assented that it can even amend the constitution without the royal sanction. This the King denies. The King's action cannot subject him to impeachment, but his advisers or ministry can be impeached. To secure this is the present effort. Oscar is King, not of Norway only but of Sweden also. The question raised is, Will Norway become a Republic? Few European peoples are better fitted than the Norwegians to govern themselves.

Portugal does not make much noise, as a general thing, in European affairs. Comparatively little is heard about what is going on in her own territory or government at home. It is singular that the Portuguese should have so much control in Africa. Some fears have been expressed that the region up the Congo would come under their control. The missionaries on the eastern coast on the Schire river have uncomfortable apprehensions as to a Portuguese occupation of that territory.

Monsegnor Savarese, Doctor of civil and canon law at Rome, and lately a domestic prelate to the Pope, has abjured immaculate conception and papal infallibility, and connected himself with the Episcopal Church.

There does not seem to be a very clear explanation of the matter of the French Catholic Missionaries leaving Mtesa's kingdom in Africa; but they have done so.

Concerning Allegory.

We have been requested to review and criticise an article published in this paper, November 28th, entitled an "Allegory of the Garden of Eden." We are disposed, however, the rather to make a few general remarks about allegorizing the Scriptures, and allow each one to apply them for himself. In our judgment an allegorical interpretation may be either *authorized* or *allowed*. Such an interpretation is authorized when we are taught by the Scriptures themselves—in the connection, or elsewhere—that an allegory is involved; and authorized, whenever any other than an allegorical interpretation would lead straight to a natural or moral impossibility or absurdity. And a general consent of competent Christian scholars must make manifest the need of an allegorical interpretation, inasmuch as a single mind, however scholarly and critical and Christian, is liable to fall into unconscious error, through hidden lack, bias or prejudice. An allegorical interpretation, not authorized as above, may be allowed sometimes. It may be allowed, we suppose, when the historical or literal sense of a passage is clearly possible in the nature of things, and in consonance with all moralities; if it be deemed more in accordance with the analogies of faith and the laws of language, and the demands of human reason, to supply an allegorical interpretation. And those who are to decide whether any proposed allegorical interpratation is allowable or not, must be the same competent persons, able, scholarly, candid and Christian, whose views coincide.

But, does not this method of deciding what is to be allowed violate the right of "private judgment," so called? Not in the least. The right of "private judgment" is limited, for the most part, to matters of conscience and duty. These each one must decide for himself, aided, as he may be, from heaven and earth, in the making of his decisions. But, in matters intellectual, philosophical, metaphysical, and scientific, no one is bound by any solitary judgment—his own, or that of another; nor is he wise to rely on it though not bound to be so except in rare instances. In matters of this sort the appeal for truth must ultimately be to the common consent of mankind generally, competent to make intelligent inquiry—to the good sense of good judges.

In case, however, the Christian world is divided, anywhere near equally, on any interpretation of a passage of scripture, we have no resort (presuming our competency to a reasonable degree) than to our best judgment as individuals. But unless one *must*, who would wish to thrust his private judgment into great prominence, in such circumstances? Who would not prefer silence, or a modest expression of opinion? Who would care to be dogmatic, one way or the other.

Now a word as to the article referred to. That was a very readable article. It had a good deal in it, well said; a good deal that no historic literalist could object to, a good deal that was thoughtful and fresh, and a fine appreciation of the imagery and poetry of the story of Eden. And just there is room for a remark. The author did not alwas keep allegory and poetry apart. Because there are striking figures, fine imagery, lofty thoughts, and poetic language, there is not, of necessity, any allegory. Allegories may be very prosaic, and historical narratives may be very poetic. The realm of poetry is far wider than the reach of allegory; which, at the most, is no more than a small and special department of poetry. Therefore the story of Eden may be real history, though so wonderfully cast into poetry. The child-mind, the common mind, the mind untutored, often apprehends poetry better than it does prose, and it is very common for all of us to get prosy and prolix in our attempts to become "scientific," in statement and definition.

Our judgment must be that, on the grounds above stated, the "allegorical interpretation" of the story of Eden is not authorized. That such an interpretation is allowable, some wise and good men hold. And while we hesitate to condemn those who hold such an interpretation as allowable, we cannot, in our present light, allow it to ourselves; but must keep to the poetico-historical method.

One of our exchanges says that the objection which people belonging to evangelical churches have to allowing ministers who preach from other doctrines to remain in the evangelical pulpit is certainly as justifiable as it is for the dairymen to object to have butterine sold for butter.

Another valuable philanthropist has succumbed at last to the African climate. That is James Stewart, civil engineer, belonging to the Livingstone Mission. He had opened the new route from Nyapa to Tanganyika.

Giving Gifts.

At this season of the year, and on this one week, especially, as we go to press, all hearts and all hands are open in the bestowment of gifts. Hearts and hands that may be tightly closed through all the balance of the year feel the influence of these days in dissolving their bonds, and making them free and generous in the distribution of favors to others. No matter how eager they have been to appropriate and accumulate for themselves, as the months have gone by, now the stream changes its course, and their hearts become fountains instead of reservoirs.

The home-life is especially the scene of such transformation (if there were need of it), and of the mutual interchange of such kindly overtures. Whatever the type of ordinary intercourse there, though cold and unsympathetic, it takes on now this temperature of affectionate warmth and convincing demonstration. Not one in the whole circle is forgotten or neglected in the provision of these loving tokens. Husband and wife, parents and offspring, brothers and sisters share in the pleasant mutualities. The wrinkled hands of age, the soft, rosy hands of childhood are filled with some new acquisition of welcome treasure. Faces, that have worn only a forbidding coldness, have their frost melted into genial sunshine. Eyes, that have looked sharply after their own interests, gaze with soft inquiry upon the features and forms of kindred, studying what will give most of pleasure and comfort. Lips, that have uttered habitual words of self-assertion, part in smiles and loving greeting. Servants and helpers, no matter how lowly their position and office, are made to feel their fidelity is recognized and appreciated, and shall not go without its reward.

And, outside the walls of home, among kindred however remote, and friends, and comrades, the same interchange of inquiring and thoughtful appropriation prevails; and the whole aspect of life and fellowship in a Christian community takes on this warm and sunny light.

What does it all mean? What is the secret and inspiration of this radiant, blossoming, unselfish, social effusion?

Ah, let none of us forget that it is the influence and contagion of the Great Example! It all comes from "The Unspeakable Gift." It is the witness and the fruit of the new spirit introduced into the life of humanity by that birth, which we celebrate—as these days go by—of the Son of God into our race and our nature. It is the commemoration of that divine and infinite charity that gives, with the Babe of Bethlehem, pardon, peace and hope, and a title-deed to heavenly mansions to all who accept the Son of Mary as their Saviour and their Lord. That was a gift, the greatness and preciousness of which can only be estimated and measured by one who can appreciate the bestowment of a happy and forfeited immortality upon the erring and lost!

Oh, that our transformation as heirs and recipients of such a blessing—so great and so undeserved—might be, not local and transient, but perennial and permanent! May the roots of selfishness deep down in our hearts be all eradicated, and the spirit of Love come in and dwell there forever at home! To all in need, to all whom we can cheer and bless, may we be ready to extend a helping hand. May we exercise this spirit, not only for one month, but through all the round of the year, and live a life of daily and constant beneficience!

And may we give, not only on the levels of our human fellowship, but, give upward, into the wounded hand, into the bosom of our ascended and reigning Lord. Can we not find some fresh treasure to bestow upon that dearest of all our kindred? Is there nothing kept back of love, homage and devotion which we may yet bring and lay down at those feet? Let us search through all the range of our being, and come with some new warmth of affection, some sweeter note of praise, some more whole-hearted consecration, and give to the Great Giver as we have never given before. A. L. S.

Extracts from Beecher's Sermons.

I hear men disputing about the structure of the Bible. Some are for it, and some are against it. Some are laying their lances in rest about the inspiration of the Bible. I am a great deal more anxious that they should practice the Bible than have theories about it.

Sin, however sweet and smooth and safe it may seem, is not safe. The constable sleeps, and the sheriff nods, and the judge is unknowing; but the laws of God follow a man by night and by day, and never leave him. It is safe to be right; it is dangerous to be wrong.

There is a limited amount of atonement in nature. Tears, pains, sorrows, purposes go a good way in the earlier stages of transgression; but if men rely on them and go on, they very quickly come to a condition in which neither tears nor pains, nor sorrows, nor purposes, nor anything else will save them from the fatal issues of their misdemeanors. The further down you go in a series of transgressions the less chance there is for you.

We all the time see men violating the fundamental laws of health, strength, prosperity, and society, little by little, little by little; and because sentence is not speedily executed against evil doers they are presumtuous, and they say; "How doth God know?" At a later stage, when the fatal work is done, and disese, decay, poverty, the coldness of men, the indifference of society, disgrace, neglect, suffering, imfamy and death come upon them, then they begin to call out, in these several states, and condemn everybody but themselves.

Chicago's first newspaper was published November 26, 1833; it now has 275 periodicals.

(Concluded from first page.)

complete—an affair of as many months with us.

The most radical innovation which I saw, was Mexicans hoisting lumber and mortar to the top of a building, instead of climbing a ladder with it balanced on the head, as formerly. Thus the foundations are undermined, and the way opened for all manner of evil devices and wiles of the adversary. On my next visit I may expect to see wheelbarrows, hods, dummy engines or other devices for preventing a man from earning his bread (or corn meal) by the sweat of his brow. Mexicans get $2 a day on the railroad, formerly $10 a month on ranches.

The number of Americans in Chihuahua is constantly increasing. They are chiefly railroad men, miners and Eastern business men, prospecting the country. On the plaza, in the evening, there are nearly as many Americans as Mexicans. Very few of the better class of Mexicans come to the plaza now. Formerly it was the rendezvous of all the people to talk and smoke and listen to the music. The "gringos" are spoiling that as everything else.

There is now an excursion from the leading towns in Chihuahua to St. Louis, got up by the St. Louis merchants, to attract the attention of the Mexican merchants. The Denver Exposition was largely attended by Mexican merchants and miners. The Mexican merchants favor the Pacific Coast, and will buy there when possible without loss. The San Francisco merchants are doing nothing, and letting St. Louis and Chicago supply the country. I am the only representative of the Pacific Coast in a wholesale line who has been through here. If the San Francisco merchants do not care to get up an excursion, they ought at least to put a live man on the line of the Mexican Central, and keep a line of Pacific Coast products before the people. In a few years the tariff must be reduced, and then there will be more business done with the country than any one dreams of now. My business, as a whole, has been better than last year, and I mean to "stay with it."

Well, I have written this piece by piece, in Chihuahua, Parral and Lerdo. I am now at Villa Lerdo, Durango, waiting for a train for the city of Durango. The place is about ten years old, contains 7,000 people, and is the present railroad terminus, and center of a fine agricultural district.

Children at Church.

At the recent convention of Sunday-school workers in Oakland, the subject of childrens' attendance at church service was discussed. All who expressed views favored the children attending church, and to the question, "If a child of six can attend but one service, which shall it be, church or Sunday-school?" the answer was: "Let it take the mother's hand and go to church." Various reasons were given for this. The solemnity of the church service would deeply impress the child's mind; habits of regular attendence would thus be formed, and the heart, surrounded and trained by such religious instruction, would grow into strong religious life. One said he hoped to live to see no distinction between church and Sunday-school; that even children's sermons should be dispensed with, and the entire sermon be such as the child might comprehend. I wanted to speak up in meeting then, but was too timid, so I will fire at you from behind the bulwark of the PACIFIC, and you will never know, even if you care to, from whose hand the arrow comes.

Two things I noted. All these advocates were pastors. On all heads the snows of age had settled. Had they been, instead, the average parent or Sunday-school teacher, or had they stood a little nearer the morning than the sunset portal, I believe their words would have been different. The solemity of the church service is indeed impressive. The subdued light, the devoutly silent throng, the organ swell, choral chant, the solemn prayer;—but ah! before that prayer is ended, the little active form wearies of restraint, and unless it be exceedingly well-trained, the mothers' eye and even voice must be called into action to check its restless movements. Ah! sages of the sacred word, have you no memories of weary hours within solemn walls, while you vainly tried to follow what you could not comprehend; and did no thrill of joy ever stir your mind and body as at last you were permitted to arise for the benediction? I believe some younger hearts will be responsive, if your own have lost the memories of childhood.

Activity is the first great law of childhood, and can we fail to see that an hour or more in a service which it cannot comprehend, and in which it has little or no part, is a transgression of that law? Do away with the distinction. Simplify the church service," indeed! How long do you think the most attractive, the most zealous pastor, could hold an intelligent adult congregation if he simplified his sermons to the comprehension of the average child of six, or even sixteen? The restraint of two services following each other, even though the latter be especially their own, is too much for young children. Many Sunday-school teachers feel this. I know of one who says she can tell which of her pupils attend church by their restlessness during Sunday-school. There is little wonder when few adults feel themselves equal to it.

The Sunday-school; what is it? Did it not grow out of the very neccessities of the child life? Did it not have its birth in the effort to supply the child with what pulpit and pastor are unable to do; religious instruction brought down to infantile comprehension?

Solemnity is indeed impressive, but familiarity, even with solemn things, begets indifference unless the heart is responsive. Do not some of you remember what Mr. Moody said about heart-hardening by going much reluctantly to church? Not that I would restrain them from going, except as I feel it with quite young children too great a bodily tax, but I would have it voluntary, not in the smallest degree compulsory. I know of no sadder sight, or one more likely to result in heart-hardening, than parents compelling their children to attend church. Let them consider it from the first a glad, a joyous privilege. Is not the Sunday-school the children's church? Dignify it as you may, make its service solemn, but in the sacred name of childhood, make it comprehensible.

The outcome of this will be, by and by, a seeking for wider religious instruction, and it will come all the more readily, if not forced unduly upon premature minds. Our Saviour himself recognized the neccessity of different food for differently developed minds. Did not the same voice which uttered the commandment, "Feed my sheep," say also, "Feed my lambs?"

TEACHER.

Home Missionary Cal.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

The Action of the Conference Committees of the A. H. M. S. and the A. M. A.

EDITOR PACIFIC: The following is the action adopted by the Conference Committees of the American Home Mission Society and the American Missionary Association at the meeting held in Springfield, Massachusetts, yesterday, December 11th:

"Consulting the principle of comity between the two missionary societies, the American Home Society and the American Missionary Association, and that traditional policy of Congregationalists which ignores caste and color lines, and also in view of the present relative positions and strength of the two societies, we, the Joint Committee, give it as our judgment,

"1. That, as heretofore, the principal work of the American Home Missionary Society should be in the West, and that the principal work of the American Home Missionary Association should be in the South.

"2. Whatever new work may be called for in any locality should be under the charge of the society already occupying the ground. No exception to this rule should be allowed unless it be by agreement between these two societies.

"3. Concerning any work already established by either society, we would recommend that if either comity, economy, or efficiency will be advanced by it, such transfer of the work should be made as shall bring the work of the societies into harmony with the preceding recommendations.

"4. We would recommend to the two societies to consider the practicability of using a common superintendent in those portions of the field where an economical and efficient administration will be secured by it."

WILLIAM HAYES WARD,
Secretary of the Committees.
Dec. 12, 1883.

The above decision of the Committee will doubtless strike many with surprise if not disappointment. What the facts and arguments were which being presented to and accepted by the joint committee influenced them, we do not know, and not knowing we confess we are not satisfied either as to the justice, wisdom or expediency of the conclusion rendered or advice given. How it could come to pass in the face of the "Historical Statement" recently put forth, is another thing that we do not know. It is our opinion that the societies will yet hear from the churches, as in them is vested the right to advise, instruct and support. The matter will certainly not end here.

Religious Intelligenc.

Pacific Coast.

At the Monday Club at its last meeting, Rev. C. M. Blake gave a very interesting address on the important topic, "How Morals are to be taught in our Public Schools." "Definite Plans for the Week of Prayer" will be the subject at the Monday Club next week. It will be introduced by Rev. W. C. Pond.

Services appropriate to Christmas were held in most of our churches in San Francisco and vicinity, last Sabbath. Especial mention might be made of the services at the First church in this city. In the evening a Christmas oratorio was finely rendered by the Choral Society, composed of some 200 singers, under the leadership of Rev. Dr. Barrows. The house was crowded. At Plymouth church the musical part of the services occupied a large portion of the time. At Bethany church the topics were: "The Fulfilment of Prophecy" and the "First and Second Comings of Christ."

Rev. Dr. Benton preached in the Golden Gate church Sabbath morning, the pastor, Rev. W. H. Cooke, being sick.

Excellent reports are given of the work in Oroville, under the pastoral care of Rev. Joseph Adams.

At Rio Vista the work progresses nicely. Various improvements in the church building are being made.

Rev. W. H. Tubb has regular appointments now at Stewartsville, a new coal-mine town in Contra Costa county. This is in addition to his other appointments at Brentwood, Byron and Bethany. He is greeted with large congregations, and a meeting-house is already needed.

Rev. I. Goodell, of San Mateo, reports increase in attendance at Sunday-school and services, and a general outlook of progress that is hopeful.

Rev. Geo. D. F. Folsom is supplying the church at Westminster. All the churches (4) of different denominations united in Christmas festivities in behalf of the children in the Congregational meeting-house.

The ladies in connection with our church in Auburn have recently held a fair that was a social and financial success. They had fancy and Japanese booths which were very attractive, and the latter a great novelty. On the two evenings they had excellent entertainments, and netted $326. This week they have a Christmas tree. Somehow the Auburn folks always make a great success of what they do.

At Los Angeles, on December 16th, Rev. A. J. Wells preached in the morning from Malachi iii: 16: "A Book of Remembrance;" first, a five-minute's sermon to the children: "Life, a Book being Written and Fully Illustrated." From the same text was drawn forth a sermon from the topic, "Memory, and its Relation to the Human Life;" first, its power to grasp and retain life's lessons; second, a power to reproduce these lessons by the will; the first a constitution of the soul, the second affected by the accidents of life. Evening, union Bible-meeting.

Rev. G. H. Atkinson preached in the Salem Congregational church morning and evening, Sabbath day, Dec. 16th. Grace—the free grace of our God through Christ—was the burden of his message. Arrangements for a jug-breaking concert were perfected by the Sunday-school, to come off December 28th.

Rev. Griffith Griffiths and wife, left on Christmas Day for Alturas, where they will find a new church finished and ready for occupancy. Success to them.

Rev. J. B. Clark has been invited to remain at Pescadero and Fairview. His family arrived from Kansas last week, and will prove a great addition to the working force.

Mr. Detering, of the Seminary, has been holding special meetings in Crockett, assisted by Rev. J. A. Jones, of Vallejo, and others. The meetings have helped the Sunday-school, filled the house, and resulted in conversions. This week they are to have a Christmas tree, the first ever had in Crockett. Mr. Detering has Sunday-school and preaching service also at Port Costa.

In the Second church of San Bernardino, the pastor's text on Pilgrim Sunday was Matt. xiii. 38: "The field in the world." He spoke of the missionary spirit of Pilgrim and Puritan, as shown by the hope expressed of extending the kingdom of God; the charter of 1628, to the effect that the colony should "win the natives to the obedience of the Saviour;" and the efforts of John Eliot and the Mayhews. Foreign missions should be supported—(1) As the most effective way of promoting civilization. Pres. Angell's address at Detroit was cited in proof. (2) The gospel furnishes the *only* way of salvation for the heathens perishing for lack of wisdom. (3) The work has been greatly blessed and prospered hitherto. (4) There is now the utmost need of pushing it energetically. (5) We need the work of foreign missions for its reflex influence. A collection of some $20 was taken up for the A. B. C. F. M., one having been previously taken this year for the Congregational Union.

Rev. W. A. Tenney preached at Grass Valley last Sabbath morning, in behalf of the W. C. T. U., the decade of the crusaders. Subject, "The New Moral Epoch."

EDITOR PACIFIC: I see from the circular in regard to Forefathers' Day that the Ferndale Congregational church is represented, among others, as owing its very existence to aid from the Congregational Union, which is not the case. Will you please state in THE PACIFIC that the Ferndale Congregational church has not received any aid from the Congregational Union, and does not intend to take any. I ask this favor because it will not do to mention American Congregation Union here just now, and there will be no collection taken up for this fund.

PHILIP COOMBE.

Ferndale, Humboldt Co., Dec. 12, '83.

Other Denominations.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev Dr. Babb, of this city, is supplying the pulpit at Milpitas.——Rev. F. B. Du Val has declined the call to the San Jose church, and will probably accept one to the Westminster church in Toledo. Dr. Stratton is supplying the pulpit at San Jose for the present.——The ladies of the First church, in this city, held a bazar recently, which netted over 300 dollars.

METHODIST.—Rev. G. Larkin, of Willits, is and has been sick for some months.——Grace church at Los Angeles has been dedicated. It will seat five hundred persons comfortably, and the entire property is valued at 6000 dollars. ——This is the week of festivals in connection with the churches and Sunday-schools in this city.

METHODIST SOUTH.—The new Board of Trustees of the Pacific Methodist College met recently in Santa Rosa. President Finley tendered his resignation, and Dr. T. H. B. Anderson was chosen President until next May.——Trinity church, in this city, is to be dedicated January 6th.——The church in Galt is now free from debt.——The meetings in Red Bluff have resulted in eleven accessions to the church.

BAPTIST.—The Alameda Baptists have made their pastor a life member of the Bible and Publication Society. They have also put over four hundred dollars' worth of repairs on their church and parsonage, and are doing good work generally.——The revival meetings in Sacramento have done much good. Backsliders are being reclaimed, and many inquirers are appearing.——Rev. George R. Read, formerly of Alameda, has supplied the Santa Cruz and Santa Clara churches for some Sabbaths.

EPISCOPAL.—The St. John's mission at Wilmington, near Los Angeles, is about entering its new church.——Rev. Dr. McClure, of Oakland, is officiating at Grace church in this city.

At the annual meeting of the Congregational Associates, held December 21st, the following Directors for the ensuing year were chosen: J. M. Haven, C. W. Broadbent, J. T. Bowers, W. M. Searby, S. F. Bufford, I. P. Rankin, S. A. Chapin, E. G. Beckwith, S. S. Smith. This Society acquires lots for churches by gift or otherwise, and holds such lots until needed. No salaries are paid. All moneys given will be applied wholly for the purpose named.

The paper on Easy Divorce, read before the Monday Club a few months ago by Rev. Dr. Dwinell, appears in the *New Englander* for January.

No Wine on New Years.

Attention is especially called to the great desirability of observing the strictest temperance on these holiday seasons, as well as at all other seasons. Let no subscriber or reader of THE PACIFIC either give, or receive, or partake of any intoxicants, during the holiday time, or at any other time.

James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont street, San Francisco, have issued a beautiful book entitled, "A Bouquet of California Flowers." It is a collection of original Christmas poems, elegantly illustrated, exquisitely bound, and borderer with heavy silk fringe. The first flowed in the bouquet is the heartsease, beautifully represented as growing by the side of the Golden Gate, and with the picture is the verse as follows:

"The Christmas bells from hill and tower
To-night their benedictions shower;
And on the waves of their sweet chimes,
Fond thoughts of home and olden times
Set sail through memory's Golden Gate."

Sent by mail, postage paid, upon receipt of $1.00.

In the *Christian*, of Nov. 29th, it is stated that Moody and Sankey in the meetings now in progress in London will "probably reach over two millions of souls." The Sabbath evening meeting Nov. 25th, is described as follows: A grand audience greeted the evangelists at the evening hour. The central area of the hall was one solid phalanx of men. Every foot even of standing room seemed taken up, and there must have been close on 6,000 persons within the walls. Mr. Sankey having sung "The Ninety and Nine" and "What shall the Harvest be?" Mr. Moody proceeded to unfold the eternal truth, that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The great audience hung on the lips of the preacher, many of them listening with eyes and ears and mouth. At the close of the discourse probably not more than 1,500 persons left, and to this leviathan after-meeting Mr. Moody addressed himself. Having in his sermon sent the sharp ploughshare of conviction up and down the congregation, he now sounded out the Gospel message of forgiveness to the repentant. When it came at last to the testing time, and he called for responses from all who were willing to take up their cross in the public confession of Christ, the "I wills" came thick and fast from every point of the compass. Some of them were given with wonderful emphasis, as if the speaker had resolutely determined to take the step advised by the preacher. Quoting Isa. xii: 2, Mr. Moody exclaimed, "Get both your feet fair and square on this word of the Lord, and then the waves of hell will come dashing up against you in vain." Many more "I wills." "Am I making it too easy, Mr. Rainsford? They can come if they will, can they not?" "Yes; whosoever will let him come." "I could stand here all night and see these young men getting up," Mr. Moody continued, as the responses flowed in. "We want a great band of young men to come out boldly on the Lord's side, do we not, Mr. Williams?" "That is the very thing we want," quoth Mr. George Williams. By and by, as all heads were bowed in silence, Mr. Moody asked that those who had spoken out, and any others who had not reached the deciding point, should stand; a great company did so, and when the second meeting was at length dismissed, there was ample occupation for the workers in pointing the wavering and the doubters to the Saviour.

If any one supposes that our city people don't care, when, for any cause, the PACIFIC fails them, read the following from one of our leading merchants:

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 19, 1883.

DEAR EDITOR: What's the matter? No PACIFIC for two weeks—three, I think. Are you afraid I won't pay? Think I'm busted? Bad credit? Have you shaken me? Won't I do? And why can't I have the paper? Echo answers "why." Rather go without something to eat; rather sleep without blankets; rather rob a blind beggar, than be without the old PACIFIC. Keep it coming and oblige,

May the day soon come when these conservative temperance folks will subscribe heartily to Dr. Newman's grand ideal church creed which reads: "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, the resurrection of the dead, and life everlatsing."—[Union Signal.

Dr. Marvin on Thanksgiving Day.

A late number of the *Oregonion*, published in our sister city of Portland, Or., gave its readers the following extract from a sermon by Dr. Frederick R. Marvin, in which it is clearly enough shown that the nationalization of Thanksgiving Day is due entirely to the influence of American Congregationalism:

"The American Thanksgiving may be traced to the Puritans; and though it has come to be observed by all sects, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Episcopal, the Baptist and even the Roman Catholic, yet it has been peculiarly identified with the growth of Congregationalism. To the First Congregational church of Washington is due the credit of having exalted the day to the place it now occupies in our national calendar. At a business meeting of that church held in the latter part of October, 1865, the Rev. B. F. Morris, a venerable divine now gone home to glory, proposed that the church take some step towards the nationalization of Thanksgiving Day. The suggestion was received with some surprise, and the congregation manifested no desire to open the subject. But Mr. Morris, who was made out of staunch old Congregational fibre, could not be silenced. He persisted, and obtained a hearing, and at the close of his speech presented a series of resolutions asking President Johnson to appoint a day of national thanksgiving to Almighty God for his blessing upon man's industry and upon the fertile earth. It seemed audacious for a single church in the city of Washington to undertake the accomplishment of such a measure, and the older and more sedate members smiled at the presumption. But the resolutions were passed and the representation thereof entrusted to a committee of sixteen chosen by the church, of which Mr. Morris was made chairman. The committees, attended by many spectators, had a formal and very satisfactory audience at the White House on Monday, October 23, 1865. The President received the resolutions, made a brief and pleasing reply, and the committee retired. On the following Saturday, October 28, appeared the first proclamation for the observance of a national Thanksgiving Day, and ever since then the custom has been retained, the Governors of the various States choosing the day selected by the President. That day has now come to be by common agreement the last Thursday in November."

Dr. Marvin's statements are historically correct, and yet they seem to have disturbed the serenity of our ecclesiastical friend over in Vancouver. Bishop Paddock has this to say in the *Columbia Churchman*, of Dec. 1st:

"The Rev. Dr. Marvin of the Congregational Church, claims that the whole honor is due the Congregationalists for establishing Thanksgiving Day. He forgets that the Jews had a festival corresponding very nearly to ours. Also that the English have had for centuries, and still have, their Harvest Festival. Perhaps the gentleman was not aware that provision was made in our Prayer Book, adopted nearly a century ago, for services on Thanksgiving Day and that a rubric directs that the day shall be observed on the first Thursday in November, unless some other day is set apart by the civil authorities. The fact is, this provision of our church, and the regular observance of it by our people, whether proclamations are issued by the civil authorities or not, has had more to do with making the day a national one than all the Congregational and other denominational influence combined."

Dr. Marvin did not forget that the Jews had a festival corresponding very nearly to ours. He had nothing to do with the Jews; he was speaking of the American Thanksgiving which he correctly traced to the Puritans, and of the nationalization of that day, which he ascribed to the first Congregational church of Washington, D. C. It is nothing to the point that the English have had for centuries, and still have, their Harvest Festival. The doctor was not discussing the English Harvest Festival. No doubt our English neighbors offered special prayers of thanksgiving in St. Paul's Cathedral for the defeat of the Spanish Ameda in 1538; for Mailborough's victories in 1702; for the recovery from illness of George III. in 1789; for Duncan's victories in 1797; and for the recovery of the Prince of Wales in 1872. What have English thanksgivings and Harvest Festivals to do with the origin and nationalization of our American Thanksgiving Day? Neither is it to any purpose that "provision was made in our Prayer Book, adopted nearly a century ago, for services on Thanksgiving Day." The Puritans who started the day lived, if our knowledge of history is not greatly mixed, something over a century ago. We are glad to know that the Episcopalians have adopted the day, and have made provision for it in their rubric—better late than never. We are also glad to know that they have given up the first Thursday in November and adopted the day set apart by the President of the United States. In that respect they have followed the example of all other Christian denominations. Verily the world moves. We like the Episcopal Church; it is a very useful and important body, but it should remember that it is after all only one sect among many. It has much to learn from Presbyterians, Congregationalists and others, and the sooner it learns the lesson the the better it will be for us, and for the cause of Christ, so dear to every believing heart. If our friend Dr. Marvin shall help them to learn that lesson he will be entitled to their gratitude, and to our own. SENAX.

Married.

GRIFFITHS—HORDER.—In this city, Dec. 24, 1883, Rev. Griffith Griffiths, of this city, and Miss Hester Horder, of Salsbury, England.

Washhington Letter.

December, 11, 1883.

The report of the Secretary of the Navy comes into port several days after the Presidents Message and the other departmental returns have been published. There is a fitness in this delay, perhaps, as it is significant of the debilitated condition of the marine estalishment. In looking it over one is forced to the conclusion that the best thing to do with the American War Navy is to sink it, and either do without any or build an entirely new line of ships. Our American navy yards are mere reminiscences. At Washington there are several monitors lying in the stream; they run them up to fresh water to avoid the barnacles—but though they are manned by as brave a set of sailor-soldiers as ever walked a deck, they are of no use, and never will be, for modern artillery would pound them to splinters in no time. But they lie on the peaceful waters of the Potomac, resting after their brief lives of fiery activity, and reminding one of old Sea Captains. Their bronzed and battered appearance inspires reverence rather than fear.

I was talking with a sensible woman the other day about naval affairs. It is a little out of the order of things for a woman to be posted about the Navy. But this lady, whose husband is a confirmed invalid, is his agent in securing the adoption, by the Government, of his inventions, which relate to deflecting steel armor for war ships. She said that the idea of ever building land defences for our immense coast is absurd. The Government, in her opinion, ought to rely on seagoing armored ships, for defence to harbors. These are portable fortifications. The invader can be met at the entrance to our harbors, and the defense offered would be equal, or better, than any land constructions could give. It seems to me she is right.

The lady I refer to is generally nominated a lobbyist. She goes before the naval committees and argues the abstruse problems of warfare with the knowledge of a veteran, and the zeal of a woman. Her husband is a man of great talent, but he has not been of bed for ten long years. He passes this time inventing his special study being in the direction of naval inventions. His devoted wife is his able assistant outside; working together they have acquired wealth.

An old neighbor of Hon. Tom Ochiltree, of Texas, complains that the honors bestowed upon the red-haired romancist of the Rio Grande have spoiled him. Ochiltree is a very ordinary man, to tell the plain fact, but he acquired a national reputation as an expert trifler with truth, and some Texans, who like vigorous exaggerators, sent him to Congress in a sort of broad joke, as a reward for his talents.

"Its an onery-looking crowd," whispered a half-intoxicated habitue of the gallery to your correspondent, as they sat looking down on the new House. Some of the gallery tribe are fixtures. They come to their places almost as regular as the Speaker himself. They pretend to know what is going on and have the same sort of ownership as Silas Wegg possessed of the mansion oppisite his bookstall. This old relic of departmental life has seen many Congresses in session, but he imparted the information that this crowd did'nt seem to belong here. "Its a tidal-wave Congress," he murmured; but here the onion lunch which the old vagabond had about him overpowered me and I moved.

It is evident that Congress will not be fully organized and get to work until long after the holidays. Then the next thing we shall hear will be that the approach of hot weather demands a hasty passage of the appropiation bills and an adjournment. Next session there will be no task of organization it is true, but Christmas will be an excuse for an adjournment soon after meeting, so that there will be scarcely two month's work done. The necessity for each new Congress to come together on the 5th of March, if only to complete the preliminaries of electing officers, settling disputed elections, and getting the committees in operation, becomes more and more urgent as the country enlarges, and the subjects demanding legislation become more numerous and complicated. Yet it is safe to say Congress itself will never make the innovation until it is forced to do so by an overmastering pressure of public opinion, compelling its members to do the duty for which they are elected.

December 18, 1883.

As is usually the case upon the first bill day of the session of Congress, there have been enough bills introduced to occupy the attention of Congress for the whole session, if it would turn its attention in that direction. But it would be marvelous credulity to expect that out of 2500 introduced, one hundred will ever be seriously considered. A large share of these bills are prepared by members for political effect, or buncombe, and many of them merely to satisfy promises made to their constituents on the glowing occasion of a political canvass.

There are some of the measures, however, of such importance, particularly those having a political bearing, that it is fair to expect that they will be reached and probably acted upon in some shape; among these the question of civil rights, as presented in the cases of the colored people, the Mormons, and the Chinese, may be considered. The bills of an industrial character, and of sufficient national importance to require consideration, include a bill to establish a uniform bankruptcy law, to establish a bureau of inter-state commerce, to provide a postal telegraph, and a postal savings deposit system, to establish a civil government for Alaska, reorganization of the internal revenue methods, and to enlarge the pension list, and to pass tariff legislation in some shape yet to be considered. These large projects have a good chance for consideration, and of course many bills of minor importance will be passed.

It is now generally confessed that there will be no active business done in either House until after the holiday recess. Speaker Carlisle is making slow time in choosing his committees, and it will be time for adjournment before they are announced. It is useless to speculate as to who will be favored, but common rumor has it that both of his late opponents, Randall and Cox, will be selected as Chairmen to two of the most important committees. Hon. Wm. M. Morrison, of Ill., is undoubtedly the first friend of the new Speaker, and is consulted with more than any other member. Reports say he will be chairman of Ways and Means, the committee which will formulate tariff bills, and hence the most important Committee of the House, under the existing political conditions.

The meeting of the Republican committee, which occurred this week, was marked by unusual harmony and an earnest solicitude on the part of the delegates to pool their issues for a mutual benefit. The selection of Chicago as the place of holding the convention was determined by this fact. Philadelphia presented a large and noisy delegation, and Indianapolis urged some strong political points in its favor, as did Cincinnati, Saratoga, and Chatauqua, but the committee concluded that it would be better to avoid any preference based on political reasons and choose the place on its merits. The large hotels and ample accommodations in other respects, and the splendid exposition hall, carried the day against all political arguments. The Chicago people were of course delighted. There were many Logan men among them, and it was one of the subjects of gossip, upon the selection of Chicago, that Logan stock is going up fast in the Presidential market. Happening to meet Mrs. Logan, who knows everybody, and who is disliked by nobody your correspondent said: "Mrs. Logan, it looks very much as if the General would get the nomination." "Oh no," she smilingly replied; "I tell the General that the man that deserves it never gets it."

Mrs. Carlisle, according to social customs in Washington, is now the leading society lady. Mrs. Senator Edmunds would hold the distinction, but she is not in society. Mrs. Carlisle is a very handsome woman and of superior presence and manners, but it is anticipated that the tone of society will be decidedly Southern on account of her affinity for her own people. And say what you will, there is more difference in Northern and Southern social customs than there is even in their political ways and methods.

If the suffering and anguish of will and purpose which some men go through in vain in trying to get back from intemperance were recorded, it would overmaster anything that you ever did. Neither you nor I ever put forth such heroic efforts to do right as many poor wretches have that died and went into a drunkard's grave. They did strive. They longed to get back. They prayed for God to help them. They entreated their friends to trust and aid them. And yet they sank: hundreds and thousands of such men have sunk.

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"I Love to Pint Him Out."

A gentleman while traveling came to a river, which he must needs cross before he could reach his destination. Joe Brown, a colored boatman, was accustomed to ferry passengers over the river, and the boat being ready the gentleman seated himself in the bow. Joe stepped into his place and taking up his oars, the two glided swiftly along. There were sloops going up and down the river as they did every day, when the winds would carry them on their way. Suddenly Joe drew in his oars, and springing to his feet pulled off his ragged old straw hat, and with his hand shaded his eyes while he strained his sight to some object on a sloop in the distance.

"As I'm a libbing man," he exclaimed, "dat am de Captin!"

The gentleman started out of his musings, followed the eyes of Joe, but could distinguish nothing but the forms of three or four men on a sloop in the distance.

"See him, Mister?" exclaimed Joe.

"Don't yer see that strong, kind-looking man agin the mast," urged Joe.

"Perhaps I shall see him when the vessel gets nearer."

"I wish you could see the Captin," said Joe, in a tone which seemed to imply that he might if he would but look.

"Who is the Captain?" he asked.

"De Captin?" said Joe, turning upon him a look of surprise, as if he should have known.

"He am de man dat sabed me." But duickly turning his eyes again to the sloop, he said: "I can't miss seeing him while he am in sight," and gazed with an intense earnestness.

The sloop did not come very near, and passed by with no apparent signal to Joe, who stood as steady as a mast in a ship, with his hat in his hand and his eyes still shaded. As the sloop sailed on, the figures of the men became hidden, and Joe sat down again to his oars.

"I tole you, sar," said he, "dat he am de man what sabed me."

"How did he save you, Joe?"

"He strip off his coat, and jumped into de ribber and cotch hole of dis chile wid his strong arm, just as he was sinking into de great depths, wid de ropes around his feet. Dat's de way he sabed me," said Joe, growing eloquent with emotion.

"You have not forgotten to be grateful, I see."

"Grateful! Joe Brown would breave every breff he draw for him ef he could. I tole him I would work de rest of my days widout no pay. It would be enough and more and I pay him just to be allowed to sarve him. But," he added rather sadly, "so I stay as close by him as I ken. He runs by here once a month. I watches fur him allers, and I love to pint him out. It's all dis poor nigger can do."

The traveler, who was a Christian, was deeply moved by the earnestness of the poor negro, and at the depth and tenderness of his gratitude.

In a moment there flashed across him a humiliating sense of his own iugratitude toward One whose strong arm had snatched him from the jaws of an eternal death. Why should he ever forget the bigh privilege of pointing out "Him, whose name is above every name, the Man Christ Jesus."

Has not this little incident a voice for us too? What power there would be if it were practically true of us that we loved to "point him out." And this is the only thing that will keep us in this age of unreality—truth may be known and in a certain way enjoyed, but if Christ himself is not our object, "our sole desire," Satan will get power over us; O that there might be inwrought in us, by the Holy Spirit, an ever increasing desire after himself, that so we might in our everyday walk "point him out."—[Exchange.

Rebuke Sin.

Wesley went into a coffee-house in London for some refreshments. There were several gentlemen at the other end of the room, and an army officer who swore outrageously. Wesley saw he could not address him a reproof without much effort and difficulty. He asked the waiter to bring him a glass of water. When it was brought, he said aloud, "Now carry it to your officer in the red coat, and ask him to wash his mouth after his oaths." The officer rose up in great fury and threatened an assault, but the bystanders laid hold of him saying very decidedly, "Nay, colonel, you gave the first offence, you see the gentleman is a clergyman, and it is an affront to swear in his presence." They restrained the enraged officer and permitted Mr. Wesley to depart. Years after Wesley was walking in St. James' Park. A gentleman approached and after some quiet conversation inquired if he had any recollections of meeting him before. "No, sir." "Well I am the officer you met with a stinging rebuke in the coffee-house. Since that time, sir, I thank God I have feared an oath; and as I have never forgotten you, I rejoice at seeing you, and cannot refrain from expressing my deep gratitude to you and to god."

Perhaps no vice is so prevalent as profanity; yet how many cowardly professors tacitly tolerate this sin by silence, or a cringing smile, while some impious blasphemer pours his polluted gabble in their ears. Such insult to a holy profession demands an instant, stern and peraonal reproof.

The early Methodists were an army of reprovers.

Let profane or filthy talk pass unrebuked and we virtually approve it! Such piety is sickly and decayed. Failure at this point will neutralize all Christian effort and render it abortive. Open sin may never be tolerated in our presence. Up! Christian, aud do your duty. Reproof is imperative. Shame on that professor who will not silence obscenity, or vile profanity!—[Selected.

The Queen and the Duke.

Every one has his own idea of what true politeness is. One little boy said it meant "making every body feel satisfied" and another, that it was "doing the kindest thing in the kindest way."

I think good Queen Victoria understood and practiced it too when she spoke so kindly to the old Duke of Wellington at the time the crown fell from his hands. It was on some grand occasion and the whole court was in attendance. The Duke, then quite an old man, carried the crown on the little cushion used for the purpose, when, backing out, according to court etiquette, he forgot the little step at the foot of the throne, stumbled, and in attempting to regain his foothold, dropped the massive crown. It came with great violence to the floor, and rolled quite across the hall, badly bruising the diadem, and scattering the costly jewels in every direction.

The old duke, accomplished courtier as he was, stood for a moment aghast at the injury inflicted on so precious an article, and then would have stooped to gather up the scattered jewels. But the Queen saw in an instant his evident distress as well as embarrassment, and rightly judged that he would prefer to be left alone. So, with the genuine kindness of heart and quick thought for which she is so remarkable, she stepped gracefully forward, and, offering her hand to the venerable statesman, as if to assist him in rising, said cordially, "I trust your grace is not hurt, and that you will have wholly recovered from the unpleasant shock by the morning." Then without a glance at crown or jewels, and apparently quite unaware of the accident, she passed out, the court following, and the duke was left to recover himself and collect the scattered jewels at his leisure.

How grateful he must have felt for this gentle consideration on the part of his sovereign; and how beautiful the model, not only of true politeness, but of genuine Christian farbearance, that we find in this little incident. It is by such acts of thoughtful kindness that England's gentle Queen has enthroned herself in the hearts of her subjects; and the traveler in England seldom hears the name of Victoria called by prince or peasant without being coupled with expressions of the highest veneration and warmest affection. —[Cottager and Artisan.

Profane expressions in the worship of of God should be frowned upon by all Christians. There is a species of low wit in which some iudulge in prayer-meetings and class-meetings, at camp-meetings and in revival services, which will cause every reverent person to cringe. One of our ministers, some years since, was preaching from the text: "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," and as he solemnly read his text a brother cried out in the audience, "Let him reign!" producing a titter among the groundlings, and making the judicious grieve. Another complained of not feeling well, and feared that he would not be able to preach with his accustomed liberty. A brother ejaculated, "God Almighty, burn his chimney out!" And only a short time ago, at a camp-meeting in Massachusetts, the following irreverent expression was heard from the lips of a man who ought to have known a great deal better. He said that his "telephonic connection with the Holy Ghost was a special, and could not be cut off." Such language should be suppressed. No true revival of religion can be helped by it. John Wesley turned many out of the Methodist Societies for less irreverence than that, and on one occasion broke up a meeting and sent the people home because a number of persons persisted in talking slang. The bad grammar of an honest, consistent, and spiritually minded man never does any harm. It is irreverence and vulgarity that we condemn.

Be examples of heavenly-mindedness, especially at home, and as we cannot foist false wares on our own household let us see to it that we get the genuine article, by close communion with God, and the exercise of those gifts and graces that walking with God will develop. To do this, time must be taken for diligent study ot the Word and pious meditation thereon. as well as earnest prayer and daily practice of our religious life. We live in too great hurry, and our very religion has about it oftеu that quick, nervous way that seems to be a reminder that the shortest road to the end is to be promptly taken, and that the Lord cannot have but a limited time and space in every day. Let there be system, of course, but religion and rest go together, and "he that believeth shall not make haste." When the home atmosphere is religious, and the conversation is seasoned therewith, the children will grow up considering the high problems of personal duty and destiny, and will not hasten from godly speech and act as if the subject were too unpleasant for consideration.

We heard an expression not long ago that struck us with no little force. It was this: the logic of a life. No doubt of it, there is much force in the argument of consistent living. Plausible speeches may do for those you meet now and then, but when it comes to the communion and commerce of daily life, a man behind the fair pretense of honeyed words is wanted. People have confidence in those who are worthy of their confidence. Sometimes they are deceived. Sometimes they seem to be what they are not.

The Largest Living Animal.

What a monster of contradictions!

An animal which looks like a fish, hut which is not a fish; which lives always in water, but which cannot live long under water, and which nevertheless will die on land: which has a mouth large enough to engulf at once a dozen readers of ST. NICHOLAS, but whose throat is so small that your father's fist can fill it.

A whale! Yes, a veritable giant among giants, the largest of all living creatures.

To one who does not know the reason for it, it must seem odd to say that the whale is not a fish. But, in fact, it is no more a fish than you are. A fish has cold blood, and takes the little oxygen it needs from the water by means of gills; while the whale must take its oxyen from the atmospheric air, just as you do. You need to take oxygen into your lungs to give to your blood at very short intervals, so that you can not exist for more than two or three minutes at the utmost without breathing. Of course, it would not do for the whale to have to breathe so often, for in that case he could never stay under water long enough to secure his food, and would consequently starve.

To provide against this catastrophe thewhale is enabled to charge a reservoir of blood with oxygen, and thus, with an hour's supply of aerated blood, it can dive down and remain under water until the supply is exhaussed. Should it be detained after the supply is gone, it will drown as surely as your own self.
your own self.

The tail is set transversely to the body, and its motion, unlike that of the same member in a fish, is up and down; and with such vigor does it move that the surrounding water is forced into a series of whirling eddies.

The tail is, moreover, the whale's chief weapon, though occasionally it does make use of its head or of its teeth, if it have the latter. Stung to fury by a harpoon, it will sometimes lash about with its tail to such purpose as to dash the stout whale-boat to pieces and hurl the inmates into the sea. As a rule, however, the whale prefers to run.—[St. Nicholas.

Gardens of the Sea.

Among the many curious analogies born of modern investigation, none are more interesting than those showing striking cases of parallelism in the habits and customs of animals whose environments are totally dissimilar. The ocean bed seems peopled with forms so resembling those of land that a modification of structure to conform with their surroundings alone appears to be the point of difference. In drifting over the reefs of our southern border this resemblance between the creatures of land and sea is extremely striking. The gardens of the lower world abound in lavish growth; trees, shrubs, waving vines, are all produced in the wondrous forms of the sea. Here a forest of coral branches (*Madrepora*) raise their myriads of bristling points, each flowered by a delicate polyp, and presenting a rich olive-green tint in contrast to the deep blue of the channel upon whose banks they grow. Pure as crystal, the water seems to intensify the beauty of the objects, even in the greater depths; gayly bedecked fishes move lazily about, rising and falling among the living branches, poising, perhaps, to pluck some morsel from a limb, in all their motions reminding us of the birds of the shore. These gorgeous parrot-fishes are the sun-birds of the sea; wondrous tints—azure-blue, golden yellow, and red—mark them. Some appear iridescent and bathed in metallic tints, as if incased in burnished armors, while many more in modest garb, found in our colder waters of the North, call to mind the robin and thrush, those welcome harbingers of spring. But it is not in their color alone that the fishes resemble the birds; it is in the home-life and love of offspring that we find a close resemblance. Many are nest-builders, erecting structures as complicated as those of the birds, and equalling them in design and finish.—[Harper's Magazine.

A Finny Jester.

In some quiet nook or corner of the sunfish pond we have made friends with the dace (*Rhynchichthys abronasus*), another little nest-builder, and a veritable finny jester. Stretched upon the green turf that overshadows their homes, we have caught glimpses of them, and, perhaps uuseen, played the spy on their domestic doings.

Life to them is a gala time. What games and sports they have! Looking down between the leaves, we have seen in their every action a reflex of boyhood days. Now in jest they join in the chase of some intruding minnow, suddenly changing their course and rising to dash at some resplendent dragon-fly that, with staring eyes, hovers over the growing canopy of their home; again they dart about the surface, rising at impossible flies and bits of floating weed. One more daring than the rest fairly clears a lily-pad; another lands upon the partly submerged leaf, the momentary struggle to escape attracting the attention of the sharp-eyed kingfisher, who dashes down fiercely in fruitless chase, a dire warning to the sportive fishes. All is not play, however, even among the dace. In the warm weeks of June come the sterner duties, the nesting-time; male and female join in the preparation, and the locality is selected, perhaps in some running brook, in shallow water. Roots, snags and leaves are carried away, both sometimes tugging at a single piece, taking it down-stream, and working faithfully, until we, who are watching from the bank espite the strong protest of the ants, see a clearing over two feet in diameter. Here the first eggs are deposited, and the male, who has retired, soon appears from up-stream, bearing in its mouth a pebble, that is placedamong the eggs that form a layer in the center of the clearing. Now they both swim away, soon returning, each bearing a pebble in its mouth, that is dropped upon the eggs. Slowly the work goes on, until a layer of clean pebbles apparently cover the eggs; now the female deposits a second layer of eggs, and more pebbles are brought, the little workers scouring the neighborhood for them, piling up stones and eggs alternately, until the heap attains the height of eight inches or more, formed in various shapes, sometimes pyramidal or dome-shaped—monuments of the patience of these finny house-keepers. Who would suspect their purpose? Even the gleaners of the golden fields, in whose brooks our little friends are found, have not discovered their secret, and think the curious piles washings of the brook itself.—[Harper's Magazine for December.

In an article in the *British Quarterly* on the Lutheran Anniversary, Prof. Fisher very fitly says: "On the anniversary of Luther's birth it is not becoming to renew the protest which the Evangelical Church makes against the corruptions of the Gospel and against the usurped authority over the conscience, for which the Church of Rome is still responsible. The present generation has seen an advance in the promulgation of false and unscriptural doctrine. The merely "tolerable opinion" of the immaculate conception of Mary has been elevated into a dogma. Thus an impetus has been given to a cultus which is discriminated from idolatry by a line too fine for common people to draw. The sufficiency of Christ as a mediator is virtually denied. This new definition has been promulgated by the fiat of a pontiff, with no assent from a general council, and even against the judgment of a great number of Roman Catholic scholars and prelates. Even the personal infallibility of the Pope, when speaking *ex Cathedra* to the whole church, has been decreed by a council. The capstone has thus been put upon priestly usurpation by reducing the consciences of the laity to an absolute subjection of one ecclesiastic. The gross scandals connected with the sale of indulgences have, it is to behoped, mostly passed away. But the doctrine, out of which they sprang, the doctrine of the necessity of priestly absolution, and of penance and of purgatory at the end, still obscures the Gospel truth of free forgiveness through Christ.

In the November *New Englander* the Rev. B. Hart, in an article on "Infant Baptism," says, in one paragraph—"What then becomes of the objection to infant baptism, that it is a useless rite because it can have no effect one way or the other upon the passive child? It is an objection without reason. It is an objection refuted by a four-fold answering. It is an objection against which many witnesses are ready with their concurrent testimony. In making it, men leave out of sight the divine Partner in the covenant, they leave out of sight the mysterious law of unity that connects the moral forces of the family life, they leave out of sight the vast influence of united prayer which enters into human life from its very begining, and they leave out of sight the immense legacy that comes to the mind in its after development. Our Lord stands within his Church, as he stood of old, with his outreaching arms, to take young children to himself, and to give them back again to be trained for him, as the Egyptian princess gave back the infant Hebrew to his mother to be reared for the Kingdom.

"We shall not die until our work be done;
We shall not cease until our course be run;
We shall not fade or fail
While heart and faith prevail,
Or aught is to be won
Beneath the constant sun."

Such a stanza must be justified by faith and not by sight. There has just been buried from our view a brother minister, a Home Missionary, who died from the effects of a rescinded tumor, at the age of 46. He had quite a family dependent on him; he had a good field of labor before him; he was stalwart in frame; his hair was still raven black; he had a mind to work; he had the wish to achieve; he had, in short, almost everything to live for through another quarter of a century of time; so far as human vision can reach. Yet, he has been called away. In the light of God he was able to see otherwise than man seeth, and to meet his "call" with a manly and submissive, because Christian, spirit. What soul is not braced by a departure like his?

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." (Phil. ii. 5.) If God indulge you with ecstasies and extraordinary revelations, be thankful for them; but be not exaulted above measure by them. Take care lest enthusiastic delusions mix themselves with them; and remember that your Christian perfection does not so much consist in building a tabernacle upon Mount Tabor, to rest and enjoy rare sights there, as in resolutely taking up the cross, and following Christ to the palace of a proud Caiaphas, to the judgment-hall of an unjust Pilate, and to the top of an ignominious Calvary. Ye never read in your Bible, "Let that glory be upon you which was also upon Stephen, when he looked up steadfastly into heaven and said, 'Behold! I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God.'" But ye have frequently read there, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Jesus Christ, who made himself of no reputation, but took upon him the form of a servant, and, being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself, and became obedient unto death. even the death of the cross."

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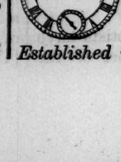
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Be Brave, Boys.

To be brave is to be willing to suffer rather than to do wrong; or in order to do good. The Bible has a great deal to say about bravery. All the great and good men in the Bible were brave men. Abraham was a brave man; he dared to leave his home, and friends, and native country, and go out into a strange land in order to worship God. Joseph was a brave man, and kept up a good heart in slavery and in prison in Egypt, and dared to do right and confess God to be his God when he was brought out of his dungeon into the court of Pharaoh. Moses was a brave man, and was not afraid to attack the lion and the bear when he was left to defend his father's sheep. So all through the Bible, all its great and good men were brave men. They dared to do right. They were willing to suffer for the sake of doing right. The boy or man, or girl or woman, who is not willing to suffer for the sake of doing good is a coward.

In the stories, the boys and girls who are brave are very apt not to suffer after all. Their bravery saves them. It is sometimes so in real life. Daniel was brave, and God saved him from the lions. The three Hebrew children were brave, and were willing to be cast into the fiery furnace rather than worship an idol; God saved them and they were not burned. George Washingten was brave, and he was not killed in battle; and Luther was brave and dared to do right and speak the truth, but was not burned or tortured. But a great many men and boys have suffered although they were brave; yes, because they were brave. They might have escaped the suffering, but they chose to suffer and even to die rather than to do wrong. And they did suffer and die.

Henry Maag was a factory boy in Cincinnati. The factory caught fire. Instead of running out to save himself he ran upstairs to tell the girls on the fourth floor. The stairways were already filled with smoke, and in going down, after giving the alarm to the girls, he lost his way. Instead of leaving by the main floor he went down into the cellar. Thence there was no escape. There his dead body was found the following day. It was in a kneeling posture, and his hands were clasped, as if in prayer. He was a brave boy.

A train on the Cincinnati railroad was running thirty or forty miles an hour. The fireman threw open the door of the furnace to throw in coal, and the flames burst out with a tremendous roar. They caught on the wood-work and enveloped the engineer. He could have jumped from the engine and saved his life. But if he had the train would have rushed on, and the flames would have rushed back and burned the passengers. He would not desert his post. He seized the lever, reversed the engine, and stood still among the flames until the train was stopped. The lives of all the passengers were saved, but he was so badly burned that he died in a few hours. He was a martyr to his duty. He was a brave man.

One night a fire broke out in a tenement house in New York city. A family who lived in the fourth story escaped to the street, but in the terror of the moment left the baby behind. The baby's older brother, a little boy of twelve, bravely mounted, through smoke and flame, the three flights of stairs, not knowing whether he should be able to get back or not. He found the baby, caught it up in his arms, and brought it in safety down. He saved the baby and he was saved himself, but he was so badly burned that he had to be carried to the hospital to be nursed and taken care of. He was a brave boy. He was willing to suffer for the sake of his baby sister.

A little boy and girl were playing by a bonfire. The girl was sitting before the fire when somehow her apron of cotton caught fire and began to blaze upon her. She screamed with terror. Her little brother did not scream or run for help; he caught hold of the blazing apron and tore it off her, and threw it upon the ground and trampled the flames out. He carried the scar of the burns on his hands for many days. It took a brave boy to do that; a boy who was willing to suffer to save his sister.

At the time of the gold fever in California a man went from England to the diggings, and after a while sent money for his wife and child to follow him. While on the voyage a fire broke out on the ship. With their utmost efforts the sailors could not extinguish it. The boats were got out; the strong pushed into them, the weak were left to their fate. As the last boat was moving off this mother pleaded for her boy. The sailors said there was not room for both; they would take one. The mother kissed her son, handed him over the side of the vessel, and gave him this message to his father: "Tell him," she said, "if you live to see him, that I died to save you." He escaped; she died. She was willing to die to save another. She was a brave woman.

This was the very spirit of Jesus Christ, who suffered that he might make others happy, and died that he might make others live. Be brave, boys! You cannot be like Christ unless you are brave; unless you are willing to suffer for the sake of others.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife.

A manufactory in Yonkers has published a notice that any of its employes coming to work in the slightest degree under the influence of liquor or strong drink shall be immediately discharged. The same rule has been adopted in other large establishments.

How It Feels to Be Insane.

I was once insane, and I often muse over my experience. There are, of course, many kinds of insanity. Some mental disorders take place so gradually that even the closest companions of the victim are at a loss to remember when the trouble began. It must have been this way in my case: One evening, after an oppressively hot day, when I experienced more fatigue from the heat than ever before or since, I sat on my porch fanning myself. "This arm that is now in motion," I mused, "must one of these days be dust. I wonder how long will the time be." Then I mused upon the evidence I had of immortality. I could do things that other people could not accomplish. I had gone through battle after battle, and though bullets sang and struck around me thick as hail, yet I remained uninjured. I had passed through epidemics of yellow fever. My idea gained strength as I mused, and I was convinced that I should live forever. No, this cannot be, for death follows all men alike. Yes, I am to die like other men, and I believe that it is my duty to make the most of life; to make money, and enjoy myself and to educate my children. I wanted to be rich, and I began to study over an imaginary list of enterprises. At last I hit upon radishes. They should be in every store. They should be dried and sold in winter. I would plant fifty acres with radish seed, and people all over the country would refer to me as "the radish king." I would form a radish syndicate, and buy up all the radishes and travel around and be admired. I hastened to the house to tell my wife that she was soon to be a radish queen. At the breakfast table I said:

"Julia, how would you like to be a radish queen?"

"A what?" she exclaimed.

I explained my plan of acquiring great wealth, and during the recital she acted so curiously that I was alarmed. I feared that she was losing her mind. Finally she seemed to understand. She agreed with me, but told me not to say anything about it. After breakfast I saw her talking earnestly with her father, and I knew she was explaining to the old gentleman how she intended to pay his debts when I became known as the radish king. The old man approached me with much concern, and told me that I needed rest, and that I must not think of business. Pretty soon I went out to inspect my radish kingdom. Looking around, I saw the old man following me. From the field I went to the village. I approached a prominent citizen who had always been my friend, and told him how I intended to become rich. He seemed grieved, and I saw at once that he was contemplating the same enterprise. It seemed mean that he should take advantage of me, and I told him so. He tried to explain, but he made me so mad that I would have struck him if my father-in-law had not come up and separated us. I tried to calm myself but could not. Those who had been my friends proved themselves my enemies, and I was determined to be avenged, but before I could execute my will I was seized by several men. My father-in-law did not attempt to rescue me, and I hated him. I was taken to jail; my wife came to see me, but she did not try to have me released. I demanded a trial, but no lawyer would defend me. Then I realized that the entire community was against me. I became so mad that my anger seemed to hang over me like a dark cloud. It pressed me to the floor and held me there. Men came after a long time and took me away, I thought to the penitentiary. One day a cat came into my cell, and I tried to bite her. She made the hair fly, but I killed her. I don't know how long I remained there, but one morning the sun rose and shone in at me through the window. It seemed to me the first time I had seen the great luminary for months. A mist cleared from before my eyes. My brain began to work, and suddenly I realized that I had been insane. I called the keeper, and when he saw, he exclaimed, "Thank God!" and grasped my hand. I was not long in putting on another suit of clothes, and turning my face towards home. A physician said I was cured, and everybody seemed bright and happy at my recovery. I boarded a train with a gentleman and went home. My wife fainted when she saw me, and learned that I had recovered my mind. I asked for my little children, and two big boys and a young lady came forward and greeted me. I had been in the asylum twelve years.|—Arkansaw Traveler.

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Some ingenious observer has discovered that there is a remarkable resemblance between a baby and wheat, since it is first cradled, then threshed, and finally becomes a flower in the family.

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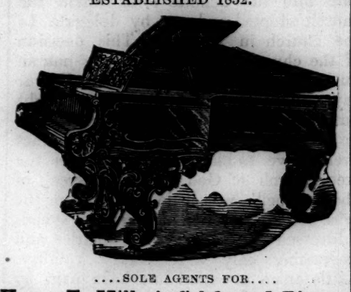

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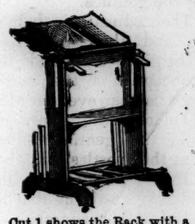
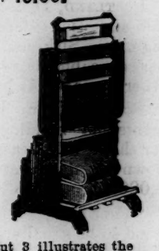


Cut 1 shows the Rack with a Reference Book ready for use.

Cut 2 shows the Rack with Atlas or folio of Engravings ready for use. Other large folios between the uprights, and heavy volumes like Dictionaries or Gazetteers, resting on the cross pieces in front.



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Generous rains all over the State.

San Diego has a peach tree in bloom.

A. S. Hallidie has presented $100 to the Pacific Dispensary and Hospital for Women and Children.

Eighteen 500-pound bales of cotton have been received at the Capital Woolen Mills from a Chinese rancher near Redding. The price paid was eleven cents per pound. It is the first cotton grown in Northern California, and is far superior to that raised in the southern part of the State.

So many new towns are springing up in Southern Oregon that lumber and other building materials are in great demand.

Laboring men of northern Arizona upon ranches receive from $30 to $40 per month, teamsters about $50, while the regular pay for good miners is about $4 per day.

YREKA, Dec. 23d.—Seven inches of snow fell last night in the valley and about a foot on the mountains. Sleighing and snowballing have been indulged in extensively. There are prospects of more snow or rain to-night.

PORTLAND, Dec. 23d.—A very heavy rain and wind storm is reported prevailing on the Siskiyou Mountains. A number of cabins have been demolished and other damage has been done.

By buying up its dilapidated tenements and building fit houses to live in for the last 30 years, Liverpool has cut down its death rate from 37 to 27 in 1,000.

"Poor man," said Mrs, Partington, "and so he's really gone at last. Ninety-eight, was he? Dear, dear; to think how if he had lived two years more he'd have been a centurion!"

Since his return to Great Britain, the Marquis of Lorne has lectured on Canada and its products, commending its climate, institutions, and its loyalty, and encouraging emigration to it.

"What are you laughing at, my dear?" asked Mrs. Jones of her husband, who was chuckling over his morning paper. "Something I saw here," he replied, "but its hardly funny enough for two."

A recent comparative illustration of the amounts annually spent in Great Britain and Ireland shows that £136,000,000 go for intoxicating liquors, £70,000,000 for bread and rent of houses, each, and £1,050,000 for Christian missions.

The Managers of the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition to be held next year in New Orleans, have adopted a plan for a building 1,500 feet by 900, the largest of all Exposition buildings except that in London in 1862.

The area of London is nearly 700 square miles, covered by over 700,000 separate houses, and has a population of nearly 5,000,000. Last year 23,301 houses were built, forming 508 new streets, covering a space of over 75 miles.

It is stated that nearly $2,000,000,000 are invested in the dairying business in this country, or almost double that in banking and commercial industries. The total value of butter, cheese, eggs, and poultry marketed in 1883 is over $600,000,000.

A company has been formed in Western Pennsylvania for extracting the sap and acids from wood and infusing a powerful antiseptic, by which railroad ties, bridge timber, paving blocks, etc., may be made to resist decay from moisture and exposure.

Oberlin did her best for the Prohibitory Constitutional Amendment in the late Ohio election. She sent singers and speakers to every school-house for miles around, contributed largely to the work in the State. The returns in the township were as follows: For Prohibition 820, against 186. There were 188 Democratic votes, of which 36 were for Prohibition.

Intemperance shortens life, while sobriety in all things prolongs it. This is an immutable law that cannot be disregarded by any assessment association without sacrafice to those who live within the limits of physiologcal laws.

Gov. Washburn of Wisconsin has endowed a hospital in Milwaukee with $300,000, in memory of his mother.

It is stated that the widow of the late Count of Chambord has given her immense estate to the Pope and gone into a nunnery.

The Parnell fund amounts to £30,435, of which Ireland gave £25,820, America £2,541, England £1,045, Scotland £376, and other places £653.

The sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays; so home-light must be constituted of little tendernesses, kindly looks, sweet laughter, loving words.

"Is you gwine to get an overcoat this winter?" asked a darkey of a companion. "Well, I dunno how dat's gwine to be," was the reply. "Ise done got my eye on a coat, but the fellah dat owns it keeps his eye on it, too."—[Newark Call.

Judge Osborne, at Elkhart, Indiana, has instructed the grand jury to indict all dealers found selling the *Police Gazette* and other papers of that class.

Texas organized sixty-eight new counties last year, making two-hundred in the State. The increase of her taxable property in the year was $130,000,000.

The report of the Treasurer of Yale College, for the year ending July, 1883, shows the aggregate invested funds of all departments to be $1,924,328, an increase since the last report of $77,698. The expenses for the year were $332,827. The funds are incommensurate with the growing need of the University, and rigid economy is necessary.

Sunday-School Lesson for Jan. 6, 1884. Acts xv: 1--11.

BY REV. IVAN M. MARTY.

The Conference at Jerusalem.

Golden Text.—"We believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they." (V. 11.)

Six months ago we followed the story of the spread of the Gospel through Samaria and Syria into Asia Minor to the end of Paul's first missionary journey. We take up the study again at Antioch where Paul and Barnabas rested, after their tour, with the brethren of the mother church of the gentiles.

They were soon roused to defend against judaizing Christians the very heart doctrine of the Gospel—that salvation is by faith in Christ alone.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

V. 1. There were at Jerusalem many believers in Christ who thought that his work was merely supplementary to the teaching of Moses. They accepted Christ as a prophet sent from God, but had no proper conception of the purpose of his life, or of the universality and sovereignity of his Gospel. They would recognize no man as a Christian brother who was not also a Jew in faith and practice. They sent out teachers of their bigoted doctrine, carrying doubt and dissension into all the new born churches of the gentiles.

V. 2. Their education, their personal experience, and their missionary experience had given Paul and Barnabus a clearer conception of the practical purpose of the gospel than even the other apostles had. Undoubtedly, these judaizing teachers told the gentile Christians at Antioch that the apostles and the whole church at Jerusalem agreed with them. It was evidedtly a subject that must be referred to the mother church. Antioch had helped Jerusalem in temporal straits, now Jerusalem must come to the aid of her sister in spiritual.

We learn from Galatians, that Titus went with Paul, and that Paul was sent to Jerusalem, not only by the church, but by God.

V. 3. They went along the coast as far as the plain of Esdraleon, thence they turned and crossed Samaria. The escort by brethren of Antioch gave importance and honor to the delegation.

Note the change—Paul, the missionary, gives joy by his story of Gospel success in Asia, to the churches sprung from the seed scattered by Paul, the persecutor.

V. 4. They were received by the church. They were simply a delegation sent by one church to a sister church to ask advice in a question of moment. This was not a council of churches, nor a session or synod of apostles and elders. We have no reason for supposing that any besides members of the church in Jerusalem took part in the debate, or voted on the question at issue.

The meeting spoken of in verses 4 and 5 was evidently preliminary to the later and decisive one introduced in v. 6. We learn also from Gal. ii: 2–9 that Paul met privately the leaders of Jerusalem, made report to them of his work, and won their recognition of his apostolic mission to the gentiles.

V. 5. Right at the start the antagonism of the legal party, still devoted to traditional Phariseeism, was aroused. Paul calls some of them "false brethren," as they would not treat Titus, noble Christian though he was, as a brother, because uncircumcised.

V. 6. Not the apostles and elders merely, but the brethren of the church, met together in this conference, as we see from verses 12, 22, 23. It was a church meeting, and promised to be a strong one. Though, since Paul had come to an understanding with the "pillars of the church," the result was almost certain.

V. 7. Undoubtedly there were displayed passion and prejudice, and bad logic, and gross misconceptions of gospel truth. But the spirit of God brooded over the chaos, brought order, guided into truth—"Peter rose up," not out of plenary inspiration to utter infallible dogma. He speaks with as much power as there is force in the reason of his facts. He refers to the conversion of the Roman captain, Cornelius (Acts 10), in which God had already settled the question of their debate some dozen years before.

V. 8. The Holy Spirit was given to Cornelius and his household as to Jewish believers, and even before they had been baptized. God thus emphatically declared that not outward ordinances, such as circumcision or baptism, but the heart of faith made men acceptable in his sight.

V. 9. They were purified by the workings of vital faith, not by obedience to ceremonial law.

V. 10. "Why tempt God" *i. e.*—"make presumptuous trial of his power and patience by demanding new proofs of his will." "to put a yoke" should be translated, "by putting a yoke."

The law becomes a yoke where salvation is made to depend upon perfect obedience to its requirements. Such a misconception of the purpose of law entails only misery; it bids, on pain of death, a man to bear a burden, which, struggle as he may, he cannot raise from the ground.

V. 11. Jew and gentile alike are under sin; if righteousness could be woe by observing the law, Christ died in vain. Peter boldly leaps upon Paul's battle rock. "In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by love." (Gal. v: 6.)

Peter's speech had a telling effect on the church. The logic of his facts was unanswerable. The signs given by God in the case of Cornelius had manifested his will unmistakably. The congregation, quieted by the plain truth of it, listened attentively as Barnabas and then Paul tell of their missionary journey and of the signs that God had given as seals of the truth of their Gospel.

James, "the brother of the Lord," devoted to the law, and honored by all the Jews, then gave his opinion and puts the answer to the question of debate into the definite form which the church adopted and sent by delegate to the church in Antioch. This decision of the church at Jerusalem was not an authoritative decree. Canon Farrar says: "The church of Jerusalem might out of respect be consulted, but it had no claim to superiority, no abstract prerogative to bind its decisions on the free church of God. The 'decree' of the 'council' was little more than the wise recommendation of a single synod, addressed to a particular district and possessing only a temporary validity. Little or no attention has been paid by the universal church to two of its restrictions; a third, not many years after, was twice discussed and settled by Paul, on the same general principles, but with a by no means identical conclusion." But it was a great concession for Jews brought up in strictest reverence for Mosaic ritual to make. It was a message of fellowship and of peace, not the less valuable that it called for a little sacrifice for the sake of Jewish prejudices.

PRACTICAL LESSONS.

V. 2. There are times when contention is necessary, when antagonism is a Christian virtue. Thomas Fuller says, "One may be a lamb in private wrongs, but in leaving general affronts, they are asses which are not lions."

V. 3. Zeal for the spread of the Gospel and joy in missionary success should characterize every true Christian. Yet how many there are in our churches who, if not insanely hostile to missions, are utterly indifferent to them, at least take no pains to inform themselves of the growth of Christ's kingdom, and have no proper joy therein.

V. 4. This community of interest in the kingdom should be the true bond uniting church to church as loving sisters, knowing each other's state, prosperity and needs, helping each other in tempora spiritual necessities.

V. 5. Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees; it is insidious, active, deadly in its workings; it nigh ruins with utter corruption the Church of God on earth; it lingers in many a Protestant heart, making them trust in rites, ordinances, works and sacraments, rather than in the living Christ.

V. 7. The will of God is no longer made known by oracle, by vision, by prophet or by priest; but the Holy spirit speaks through every believer. How earnest and reverent, and careful should we be in all our deliberations to discern the mind of the Spirit and to honor the Christ.

Peter appeals to fact, to history. The Bible is the history of the implanting and the growth of divine ideas in the world. All history is vital with warnings and instruction to the church. There is no more interesting and important study for the intelligent believer than church history.

But the central thought of the lesson is that for which Paul and Luther fought so heroically—the Christ-honoring doctrine of salvation by faith alone. That purifying faith, that "mighty, busy, living" faith that works by love.

"De pure an' undefiled 'ligion," says the Rev. Plato Johnson, "is always to be foun' in a man's pocket. Dat is a curus place to look for 'ligion, but if 'taint there then 'taint nowhere. De man dat can't put his hand on his 'ligion when he puts his hand on his pocketbook, ain't got none. When a man talks 'bout his 'ligion, that is all purtense; but when he shells out the hard cash he aint foolin'—he means biziness." And yet some Christians seldom, if ever, "mean business." A religion that does not reach the pocket is but partial and superficial. Thoroughness in this constituent of Christian character is the finishing touch of its symmetry. Without it the character is not proportionate.

What a man is, is his character; and what men think him to be, is his reputation. A man's reputation may be variable, but his character is apt to be steadfast and abiding. Men sometimes think they are building character when they are only getting reputation. Newspapers cannot give character, but they can give reputation. Nobody can give character, but the man himself to whom it belongs.

We know that Christ wept at Gethsemane, but there is no record of a tear when he had reached Calvary.—[William M. Baker.

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In the *North American Review* for January is, first, the opposite sides of the question of "Ecclesiastical Control in Utah," by President John Taylor, the official head of the Mormon Church, and the Hon. Eli H. Murray, Governor of the Territory of Utah. Senator John I. Mitchell writes of the "Tribulations of the American Dollar." Senator Henry W. Blair takes for his theme "Alcohol in Politics." No one who read in the December *Review* the first half of "The Day of Judgment," Gail Hamilton's incisive review of the domestic life of Thomas Carlyle, will forego the pleasure of perusing the latter half in the current number. Finally, the subject of "Bribery by Railway Passes" is discussed by Charles Aldrich and Judge N. M. Hubbard. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, and for sale by booksellers generally.

N. Tibbals & Sons, 124 Nassau street, New York, will issue in a few days the first number of "The Illustrator of the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1884," a new help for teachers and scholars to study the lesson. Price, 60 cents per year.

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Harper's Magazine for January is a worthy sequel to the brilliant Christmas number of that periodical. The opening paper is a personal sketch of the poet Whittier, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, beautifully illustrated by Harry Fenn. A fine portrait of Whittier is the frontispiece of the number. William C. Prime gives a personal sketch of James Buchanan, *apropos* of the recent publication of Judge Curtis' biography. A full-page portrait, engraved by Kruell, illustrates the article.

To Families.

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PIANOS FOR THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.—We see by the *Ottawa Citizen* that two pianos, of the celebrated factory of Wm. Knabe & Co., have just been selected for his Excellency, the Marquis of Landsdowne. One was a magnificent Grand "Knabe," in elegant rosewood case, and the other one of their Upright Cabinet Grands. The tone, touch and workmanship of these instruments are described as being perfect. The most thorough judges were employed to make the selection, one of them being Mr. E. Harris, who previous to leaving England, held the high appointment of Local Examiner to the Royal Academy of Music, London.

The American Agriculturist for January, 1884, opens in excellent style, the forty-third volume of the leading farm journal of the world. It abounds in reliable advice on very many important and seasonable topics. Among the instructive full-page engravings we find, "The First Snow Storm," "Talking Over the Crop Prospects" and "A Poor Show for Bunny." Price, $1.50 a year; single numbers, 15 cents.

The January *Atlantic* opens the new volume brilliantly. The place of honor is given to the first chapters of a striking serial story, "In War Time," a story of the war for the Union, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Dr. Holmes has a poem, "At the Saturday Club," in which he pays noble and discriminating tributes to Longfellow, Agassiz, Hawthorne and Emerson. Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody contributes an article on "The Study of Greek," *apropos* of the famous address of C. F. Adams, Jr. The *Atlantic* is so sure to be excellent every month that it can safely be commended to every intelligent reader. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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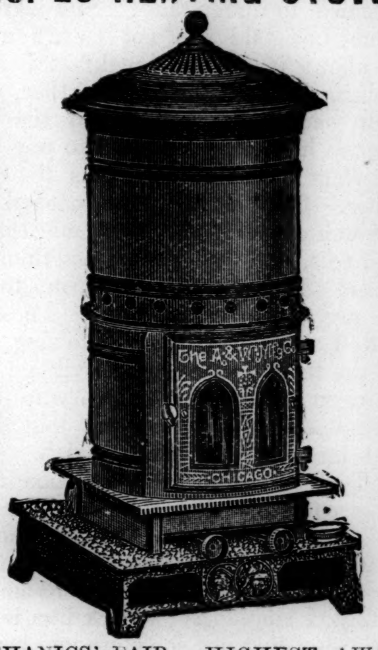

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